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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



DR. CONAN DOYLE, THE CREATOR OF "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French faiconers, fly at anything we see."

Thackeray once compiled a biographical dictionary of Snobs, which, after half a century, still retains the freshness of authentic observation. The author of "The Book of Humbug," with an eye to similar renown, has classified his types so that we may know them at sight. It is a great thing to have the born humbug set before you physiologically, with a clear index of his mind in his hair, eyes, complexion, and so forth. Here, for instance, is "a fine, fair, fresh, florid, rather fat, open countenance, with little, sunken, grey eyes, like those of a man looking through a keyhole." When you meet this specimen of a humbug, you will smile in a knowing way, as who should say, "My dear sir, it is no use trying it on with me until you can get another pair of opties!" Then there is the humbug who is "short in stature, and has a dark complexion, with little black eyes like burnt holes in blankets." On him, too, you can fix a gaze of exceeding archness, which means, "No go, my friend, no go! Those burnt holes have betrayed you!" Equally futile are the "merry, cheery, chirping, sparkling, blithesome, bright-eyed little fellow" who will "sell his oldest friend for threepence," the deceiver with "more or less goggle eyes," and his hat at the back of his head, the man with "a very long body and very short legs," the "very florid, red-faced man, with large whiskers," and the performer who "dances up and down, lifting himself up on his toes at each step." With these precise definitions in your memory, you ought to be armed against the direst humbugs that ever breathed.

Still, you may have a misgiving that a good deal of subtle humbug does not reveal itself in sunken grey eyes, burnt holes, goggles, and red faces with large whiskers. Some sly rascals dance on their toes; but others walk on their heels. A strain of humbug may lurk even in the best of us; and therefore it behoves every candid man to tabulate his physical peculiarities in some public way, in order that the world may be duly apprised of his particular kind of humbug, by, let us say, the habit of wearing only one glove in the street, and of carrying the other, with more or less graceful negligence, in the hand which grasps his umbrella. I have read lately that the Comic Spirit is dying out, because the foibles of mankind have been so fully shown up that there is nothing left to laugh at. Comedy, therefore, is giving place to "the drama of serious ideas"; and instead of going to the theatre to be amused by satire on human weaknesses, which are too stale to tickle us any more, we are likely to go for the pleasure of listening to a dramatist who interprets our discontent with the whole social system. I have my doubts about this; but if there is anything in it, the coming of a new social order may be hastened by the compilers of biographical dictionaries who have the spirit to exhaust the remnant of our comic characteristics by this formula, addressed to celebrity, full-blown or maturing: "Of course, you are a humbug. Do you indicate this in the parting of your hair, or in a tendency to be knock-kneed, or how?"

As all civilised society is, in large measure, an organised deception, we humbug one another with skill and assiduity. Somebody has to be fooled every day to the top of his or her bent. Women, it is well known, often practise heroic deceit upon the coarse and imperceptive male. The brute must be humoured as well as fed. Even if "the drama of serious ideas," of which I would not speak with disrespect, were to monopolise every stage in London, the average comedy of humanity would continue to be played, to the unabated entertainment of all lucid observers. Never on this planet will the Comic Spirit cease to extract infinite mirth from the notorious vagaries of the human animal. Mr. George Meredith has been criticised for having declared comedy to be distilled from "common sense." This, it is said, is to make the Comic Spirit the enemy of "serious ideas," which may not accord with the present views of the majority. "Thoughtful laughter," says Mr. Meredith, is the element of the Comic Spirit; and he is rebuked for not perceiving that thought may become too grave for merriment. Such a proposition is itself an exquisite illustration of the inextinguishable irony of life. Common sense, which is simply the sense common to all the ages, teaches us that the world does not escape, even through the medium of the most "serious ideas," from its follies and delusions. The fundamental conditions of human nature are not altered by any social experiments, however impressive; and comedy draws inexhaustible nourishment from the manners and ideals of every generation.

Well, the humbug for whom I have most regard is constantly impelled by his temperament to the lie ornamental. He is for ever embellishing and embroidering the minor facts of life, not with gross intent to deceive, but merely to satisfy an irresistible craving. In the midst of a perfectly prosaic narration, he will launch into extemporaneous fiction, with every appearance of sincerity. If he has told the story often, he suddenly feels that it needs new trappings, a few harmless tassels here and there. There is something feminine in an anecdote; it requires to be set off with new dresses, like an anxious beauty in her second season. I open a cookery-book and find a well-worn tale of Jowett, apropos of recipes for breakfast. You cut into cold pigeon-pie, and then the anecdotes begin to sing like the birds in the nursery rhyme. I fear that, even in the march of "serious ideas," the story-teller will remain incorrigible, and the social humbug, who is unable to describe the simplest incident without temperamental ornament, will continue to flourish. How shall he be known of all men? The soul of candour may shine in his eyes; his hat may never be at the back of his head; he may be destitute of whisker; but a certain action of the hands, as if all the ten fingers were in the witness-box, swearing hard, will often indicate the unscrupulous agility of his fancy.

One form of unpatriotic humbug is arraigned in the cookery-book I have just cited. In "Cakes and Ale," Mr. Edward Spencer denounces French cookery with sportive vigour. Where is the Roast Beef of Old England? Where are those "purely British dishes," Irish stew, liver-and-bacon, and tripe-and-onions? They have succumbed to the Parisian *menu*, to "Grease, Vinegar, and Garlic." The French *chef*, who grins triumphantly on the cover of Mr. Spencer's volume, has conquered us. In cookery, London is a suburb of Paris. The Roast Beef of Old England is no more, for what purports to be Roast Beef is baked in an oven. That noble joint is "simply throttled" by the "cheap-and-nasty *table d'hôte*, with its six or seven courses and its Spanish claret." What do the French know about cookery, anyway? They have only one soup, a "tea-kettle broth," which takes a fresh alias from "a cabbage, or a leek, or a beggar's crust." Pop goes the crust into the kettle, and out comes *croûte au pot*! If the soul of patriotism were not dead, should we ever prefer this to our glorious pea-soup? Why is a sole in Paris always tinkered with cheese or some other strong-flavoured disguise? Don't we all know that Paris fish is never so fresh as London fish? Has any Parisian cook ever seen a decent beefsteak? If he had one, would he stick upon it "an exceedingly bilious-looking compound like axle-grease," and call it a *Châteaubriand*?

I am all aglow with Mr. Spencer's patriotic fervour, and I could almost eat tripe-and-onions in the enthusiasm of his splendid rally to our national dishes; but I fear the humbugs will not be worsted by his plan of battle. He proposes that our starving poor and workhouse children should be publicly regaled on the *menu*. The spectacle of Oliver Twist asking for more *bisque* or *salmi de gibier truffé* would, Mr. Spencer thinks, make "the upper classes of Great Britain revert to plain roast and boiled." No; our gastronomic humbug is too crass to be pierced by such delicate ridicule. He would call public meetings and move votes of censure on the boards of guardians who had lent themselves to Mr. Spencer's project of emancipation. If the battle-cry of liver-and-bacon is to rouse Britain from her servile stupor, Mr. Spencer must go about the business in a more serious spirit. There must be a call to arms. Let us enter into a solemn league and covenant never to eat *cotelettes à la Réform* (reform, indeed!), to rise in a body from every table where the fare is inspired by this servitude to Gaul. Let us carry to Hyde Park a banner inscribed "Tripe-and-Onions or Death!" A bullock's heart on a pike might not be amiss as an emblem of national resolve. The upper classes will not yield to ridicule or persuasion, but they may be cowed.

Still, there remains the fact that the subtlest, most pervasive humbug does not always set any external seal on man or woman. Sybil Carnaby, in Mr. Gissing's new novel, "The Whirlpool," is a monument of unruffled fraud. Alma Rolfe, quite a masterpiece of characterisation, would be equally successful but for the disturbing factor of hereditary hysteria. Mr. Gissing's men are babes beside these mistresses of guile. The author of "The Book of Humbug," I notice, does not tell us how to distinguish the feminine variety. Sunken grey eyes and short legs don't help us here. Even the matinée-hat is no guide. It is no use appealing to phrenology, for a woman's bumps are disguised by the *coiffeur*, and social usage does not yet permit us to derange artistic plait with the hand of scientific research.



MISS KATE COVE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

"MADAME SANS-GÈNE," AT THE LYCEUM.

The Duchesse de Dantzig was a bold woman, but when she found herself late at night alone with the terrible Emperor, she felt exceedingly uncomfortable. The man who had been directing the destinies of Europe was a formidable person even for an ex-vivandière to tackle. "Jupiter Scapin" did not mind matters. He had sent for her in order to tell her that she was too vulgar for even his pinchbeck Court, and that she must acquiesce in the divorce which he had commanded her husband to obtain. The great commander was not a little amazed at the way in which the Duchess treated him. She simply laughed at him, and told him that, though he might be able to conquer the Continent, he would fail if he set himself the task of overcoming her love for Marshal Lefebvre, or his for her. They had married nineteen years before, when she was merely a laundress whose free-and-easy manners had earned her the nickname of Madame Sans-Gène, and he was but a sergeant. She had followed her husband's fortunes over Europe, constantly living in camp and acting for years as vivandière, succouring the wounded, encouraging the weak-hearted, comforting the dying, and so close herself to death that once she had even been wounded! Napoleon listened in surprise and admiration.

As soon as the woman saw that the ground was prepared she played her trump card. What was it? A bill for sixty francs' washing and mending, and a letter from the debtor asking for credit. And who was the debtor? No less a person than Napoleon himself, who, in the days of his poverty and struggles, had been one of the unremunerative patrons of the laundry. And the humour was that, even when she thus presented the nineteen-year-old bill, the monarch found that he had not money enough in his pocket to discharge it.

With cleverness and much daring, too, for Napoleon's character concerning women was well known, she told him that before she met Lefebvre she had been in love with the then obscure young officer, who paid no attention to her. Thus the Duchess won her ease, and Napoleon promised to give up the idea of a divorce and befriend her.

The Duchess was on the point of retiring when suddenly a noise was heard. Napoleon turned down the lights and they listened. A woman came in stealthily, leading a man towards the bed-chamber of the Empress. Napoleon, who was exceedingly jealous, pounced upon him, and, when the lights were turned up, found that he was the Comte de Neipperg, an Austrian concerning whom he was already suspicious, on which account he had banished him the day before from his Court. The despot, without form or process of law, ordered him to be shot on the morrow. Now, De Neipperg was an old friend and debtor of the Duchess, for in 1792, when he was fleeing as Royalist from the mob, she had sheltered him in her bedroom, and nearly lost Lefebvre in consequence. However, the brave woman determined to fight for her friend, so she sent for another old friend, the famous Fouché, for the moment in disgrace owing to the hostility of Marie Louise, and coaxed him into promising to aid her. At the dead of night, in the Emperor's room, these two plotted and plotted; but fortune seemed against them, and scheme after scheme proved hopeless. Time was growing desperately short. Fouché disappeared to make a last effort. Then the Emperor came in. His fierce questioning of the Duchess brought into his own mind a doubt concerning the guilt of the Empress. He put her to the test, and discovered that she had sent for De Neipperg merely to be secret messenger of a harmless letter to her father. Naturally, he was horrified about De Neipperg. Suddenly Fouché appeared. He had been so audacious as to pretend to be Minister of Police, and countermand the execution. Consequently, everybody was happy, and Fouché got into favour again. It is a curious mingling of plays which has introduced to Londoners Madame Réjane, one of the greatest of living French actresses. Perhaps the art-value of such a mixture is not very great, but the work has many comic and effective scenes, and makes people laugh away dull care, while the ladies will be thrilled and delighted by the gorgeous gowns of the Court. Miss Ellen Terry astounded and delighted her admirers by the vigour and *abandon* with which she attacked the part of Madame Sans-Gène. Sir Henry, marvellously made up, had an easy task in the part of Napoleon, and won shouts of applause.

s.

THE DAWN OF SIR HENRY.

The Amateur Theatre, once the great feeder of the regular stage, where the aspiring novice took rank much in accordance with the fatness of his purse, has long since passed into the category of effete institutions. Incompetence nowadays manages to air itself at public expense. But forty years or so ago the Metropolis boasted two prosperous houses of this class—the Cabinet, in King's Cross, and the Royal Soho, formerly Miss Kelly's. It was on the boards of the latter that the graceful Walter Montgomery, of mysterious memory, first gained publicity and distinction. Satisfactory as was the experience afforded by these probationary theatres, it was not to them that a certain stage-struck and overgrown youth of sixteen looked for fame, what time he cooled his heels in the offices of the Messrs. Thacker in Newgate Street. (By the way, it will clear the atmosphere a bit if we dub the stripling Henry Irving, although the worthy East India merchants had no one of that name in their employ.) Dread of parental upbraiding, coupled with a somewhat thin purse, made him rest content with the milder glories of the City Elocution Class, which was wont to give entertainments of a semi-theatrical nature in the Sussex Hall in Leadenhall Street. Although presided over by a Mr. Henry Thomas,

the class was in reality a sort of Mutual Improvement Society, the members criticising one another's efforts, and thus developing powers of spontaneous expression as well as of delivery. Of these meetings some slight account will be found in the Irving biographies of Mr. Austin Brereton and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; but neither writer seems to have been aware that the entertainments were reviewed, or that the bright particular boy under discussion made his first public appearances under his birth-name of Brodribb. It is easy to see how the facts escaped them, for no contemporary journal, save one obscure theatrical sheet, deigned to chronicle the doings of the amateurs. The *Theatrical Journal*, however, did its best to foster budding talent; and its columns present one or two notices of Master Brodribb's efforts. They are never otherwise than favourable. A correspondent, one Mr. Thomas William Cooper, writes to the *Journal of Wednesday*, Jan. 4, 1854, giving details of the entertainment provided by the City Elocution Class at the Sussex Hall on the Monday fortnight previous. The proceedings commenced with a scene from "The Rivals": "Mr. Brodribb, as Captain Absolute, and Mr. Dyall, as Sir Anthony, played their parts with a very intelligent tact and with great credit to their teacher, Mr. Thomas"; Mr. Thomas being said farther on to possess "undoubted ability in light comedy." At a later stage "The Last Days of Herculaneum" was "given in a style worthy the talented powers of so young a

Roscius as Mr. Brodribb." Another entertainment was held at the same place on April 11 following. Speaking of the farce, "Catching an Heiress," the last item on the programme, the *Theatrical Journal* says, "Both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brodribb were also well up in their characters, and are deserving of particular mention." On Monday, Oct. 30, a complimentary benefit was given in the same hall to one of the members, Mr. W. H. Norris. According to the notice, young Brodribb, on this occasion, played a leading character in the farce of "My Wife's Dentist," and played it well.

As the mind rolls back some forty-odd years, one wonders what became of the future Sir Henry Irving's class-mates. While most of the volunteers of '54 have disappeared into the unknown, not a few of the regulars of the period are still to the fore. Had Master Brodribb cared to visit the St. James's, he might have shared the general wonder at the versatility of a newly arrived comedian, one J. L. Toole. Or if at Christmas he had strayed into the Strand Theatre to enjoy "Taffy was a Welshman," he would have been amused by a children's harlequinade in which a Master Willie Edouin figured as Pantaloone. No lamp in those days, however, had any attraction for him save that which flared on Phelps at Sadler's Wells.

The career of John Henry Brodribb was brief and not inglorious. It ended on Sept. 29, 1856, when Henry Irving stepped out on to the brand-new boards of the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, as the Duke of Orleans in "Richelieu."

W. J. LAWRENCE.



MADAME SANS-GÈNE AND NAPOLEON.

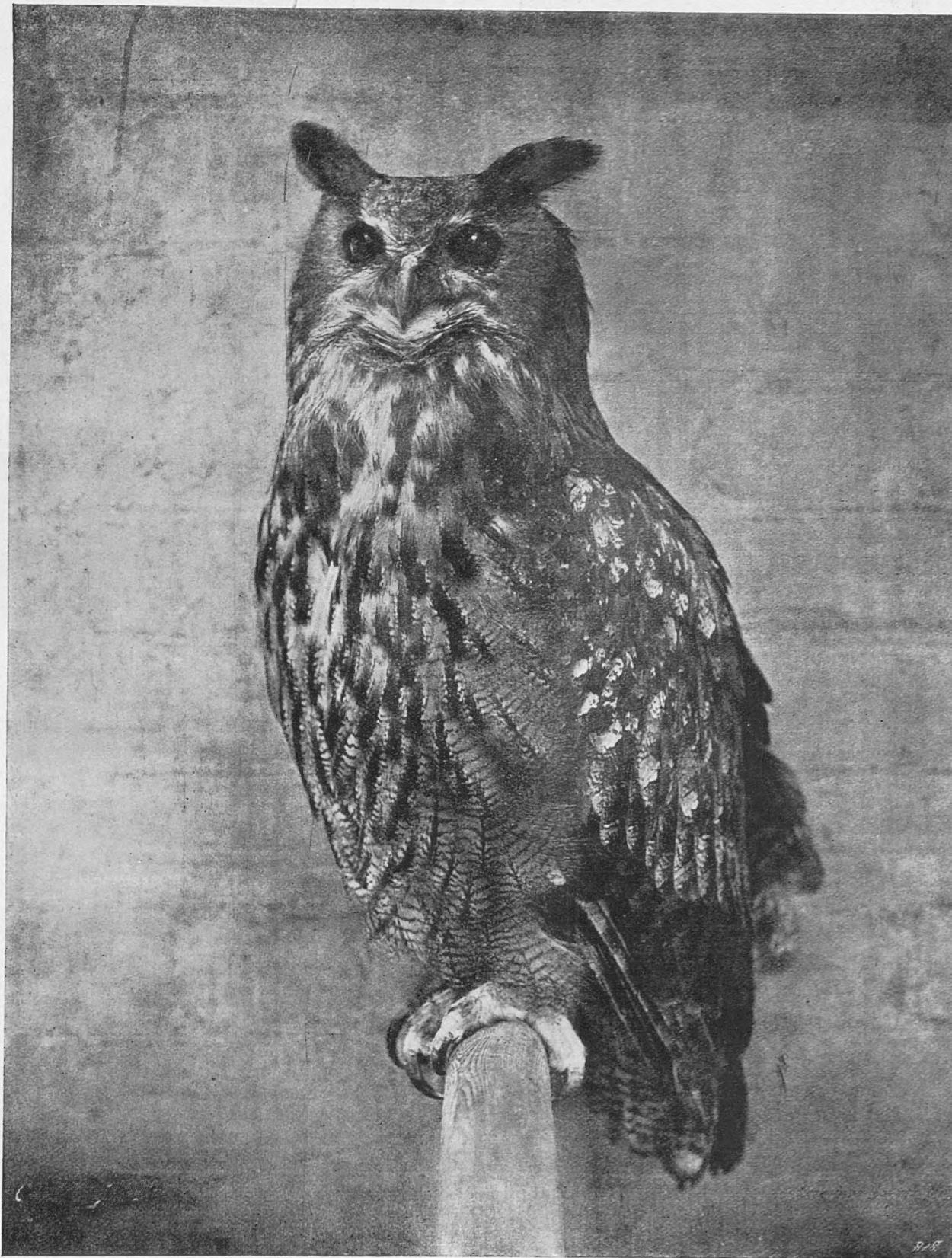
Drawn by Alfred Bryan.

THE EAGLE-OWL AT THE "ZOO."

In a little, solitary house, behind the camel-shed at the "Zoo," live a family of eagle-owls, one of which is represented on this page. They are far and away the largest and noblest of the owl kind. Their soft, fluffy feathers, which add to their apparent size and give them their noiseless flight, are mottled brown and barred with a clean, creamy white; their large, round eyes, showing a magnificent orange iris, would

regarded as birds of bad omen, except among the Red Indians—a reputation owing, probably, to their being birds of darkness.

The family at the "Zoo" are quiet, reticent fellows, that take little or no interest in visitors; and even when their keeper has thrown them the few pieces of meat which form their daily rations, they show no zest to begin the feast. Their daily rations form a poor substitute for former glorious orgies of game, but, for all that, the eagle-owls thrive very well at the "Zoo." Here they may live at peace, safe behind the



THE GREAT EAGLE-OWL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

give the birds a solemn look were it not for the jaunty, coquettish horns that rise from the crown of the head. They were once abundant in Europe; even in this country they were not rare, but their insatiable poaching proclivities made the gamekeeper such an inveterate foe that in England they are now extinct. Capercaille, grouse, partridges, rabbits, and hares came equally welcome to their clutches. In 1857 the gamekeepers of Bohemia brought two hundred and sixty-two of these magnificent birds to account for their poaching habits. They still thrive in the wooded and mountainous regions of Norway and Sweden, where their weird, gruff hoot, "Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" scares the night traveller and gives rise to many a hunting myth. Owls have always been

iron bars of their aviary, and come out to the daylight without fear of being mobbed by flocks of sparrows, jays, crows, falcons, and peregrines, which persistently harass them in a state of freedom when they come out to the light of day from their night haunts. When chased by flocks of smaller birds, they show no fight, but hurry away to the gloom of dense thickets, where they may avoid their tormentors and wait for twilight, when their persecutors depart to rest and leave them free to seek their rightful prey. The eagle-owl is not so blinded by the light of day as most of his kind, yet it never screws its courage up to fighting point, but hurries away from danger. It is not particular in the choice of a building-place.

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THE SPANISH EMBASSY IN LONDON. By JOHN FOSTER FRASER. With Illustrations from Photographs.

CURLS. By J. J. BELL.

CURIOS WILLS OF CURIOUS PEOPLE. By CHARLES G. CUTLER.

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AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE. By JAMES MILNE. With Illustrations.

A MEMORY. By L. G. MOBERLY.

STORIES OF BRITISH BATTLES.—A BREATH OF THE SOUTH: A TALE OF VIMIERO. By J. D. SYMON. Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville.

OUR LONDON LETTER. By the EDITOR. With Illustrations.

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SMALL TALK.

My congratulations to Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, who attained her thirteenth birthday yesterday.

Quite the most extraordinary method which I have seen of celebrating the reign is the "Diamond Jubilee Wall Decoration" designed by Mr. Stuart W. Proverbs for Messrs. Wilkins, of Derby. It illustrates the enormous advance that wall-paper manufacture has made during the reign, and comprises a picture frieze, a floral frieze, and a suitable filling, effectively printed in over twenty tints. The picture frieze is an allegorical cartoon representing Queen Victoria receiving homage and gifts from representatives of the arts and sciences that have made such marvellous progress during the reign, including the motor-car. Coming to the foreground of the picture is to be seen a ring of happy, romping children, symbolising British commerce encircling the world. Here are represented the great colonies who take part with the Mother Country in the



PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

festivities of this joyous year. In the band of the frieze are the arms of the British nation. This pictorial frieze can be used to go round a room, or, if it is preferred, it can be cut up the spray of oak-leaves and joined on to the rose and thistle frieze.

Under the rays of a London summer sun a policeman's life has scarcely been a happy one, clothed as he has hitherto been. This summer he is going to doff his broadcloth tunic for the light blue serge jacket which I illustrate here. It looks exactly like the undress tunic of a cavalry officer, and is a great deal lighter than the present sombre tail-coat of the Force, who are looking forward eagerly to the innovation. The present type of helmet is far too heavy. Like the headgear of the giant in "Princess Ida," it is meant to ward off blows. But—

It's very hot,
And weighs a lot,

"So off this helmet goes," must be its ultimate fate. I was talking to a courtly constable the other day, and he said that, though he had served the Queen in the heart of Tropic Africa, he had never felt anything so exhausting as the heat of a London summer day. That, I fancy, is a general experience, and thus the new tunic is very timely. To the Force it will certainly be the most welcome way of celebrating the Jubilee.

Mr. Curzon is one of the most picturesque members of Parliament. He looks as if he has stepped out of a Disraelian novel—aristocratic, handsome, clever, confident, and gorgeous. Tall and athletic in frame, his face shows a mixture of pink and white, the cheeks sometimes being quite flushed in colour, and he parts his hair carefully in the middle. Nor is he indifferent to clothes; he dresses well. Heir to a peerage, married to a rich and beautiful American lady, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and spoken of by foes as well as by friends as a probable Prime Minister, is he not a man greatly to be envied? Critics call him pompous and conceited. "What I don't know is not worth knowing," is supposed to be his sentiment now, as it was in his Oxford days. But some of those who laugh at Mr. Curzon get on with him very well. Members find him agreeable in private, and even Mr. Labouchere and he can



DIAMOND JUBILEE WALL DECORATION.

chat pleasantly together. It is a strange place, the House of Commons. Superficial cynics say it is full of hypocrisy, because the men who attack one another across the table hobnob in friendly fashion in the Lobby and the Smoking-room. But the House is a club as well as a debating, legislating assembly, and one need not wonder that members who spend months together in the same rooms should cultivate personal courtesies.

There are some followers of Sir William Harcourt who grudge the compliments he pays to Mr. Curzon. Yet his high appreciation of the Under-Secretary is not difficult to understand. They belong to the same old school—a Parliamentary school which included many giants. Both have the grand manner. They take themselves *au sérieux*, with a keen imaginative sense of the part which the House of Commons has occupied in history, and of the rôle which they now play in it. When they speak they like to feel that they fill the stage. There is no false timidity or shyness in their manner. The chief difference between such Parliamentarians and their ancestors is that they appear no longer at the House of Commons in Court-dress. They indulge in the same sonorous sentences and the same luxuriant rhetoric. If they have a fault, it is that they do not take a joke against themselves with good grace. They are too easily offended, and reply to an "impertinent" interruption in the tone of the Parliamentarian of an older generation, suggesting a meeting in some secluded corner early next morning. Mr. Chamberlain's modern manner, with crisp, conversational style, is now in vogue among most of the young men of Parliament. But the House would greatly miss the representatives of the more elaborate and more ornate school.

Byron had as a contemporary one of the name of Robert Knox, a descendant of the great John, and in his day a well-known Edinburgh anatomist, but now remembered chiefly for his unfortunate connection with Burke and Hare. He had much of the poet's fiery, almost hysterical, enthusiasm for liberty, and had been deeply roused, like all the people of that time, by the outbreak of the Continental Celts under Napoleon. He was an anthropologist, but took a very sensible view of anthropology, and, unlike his modern successors, who spend their time measuring skulls and noting the colour of hair, thought the minds of human races were much better worth studying than the bodies in which they were wrapt. He wrote a very brilliant book on "The Races of Mankind," now almost completely neglected, but in which are broached nearly all the racial problems discussed at the present hour.

Concerning the Greeks, he writes, "Whither have ye gone, fading away into the mists of the past? Even now, whilst I write, reducing to some sort of order the thoughts and reflections of many years, a trafficking, commercial, strong-armed, buy-and-sell race beset your Piraeus; a coarse, barbarous, vulgar crew point their artillery at Athens. It is a *money* question seemingly, a *commercial* question really; the savage Russ claims you for his brethren on the score of the gross and idolatrous worship which disgraces you as men and renders you contemptible in the eyes of the rest of the world; the 'grande nation,' whose claims to the term 'great' repose mainly on the merit of having plundered the Romans of those monuments they stole from you, affect to sympathise with you." This was fifty years ago, but evidently the Powers of Europe play the same tune in every Concert.

The modern Greek, Knox regarded, and I think rightly, as having nothing in common, either in blood, body, or mind, with the ancient Greek. In all probability the Greek of classical times had, just as we have, a considerable element of Saxon blood in him, and, as Knox was the first to point out, the Saxon is the only modern race that contains individuals whose physical forms might suggest the matchless and perfectly beautiful marbles of ancient Athens. At any rate, the women of classical Greece, if we may judge from their idealised portraits in marble, had more of the Saxon in their features than of any other modern race. The Saxon stock was grafted upon the natives of Greece, and from the blend sprang classical Greece; but the invigorating blood from the North was, in the course of time, swamped by the native blood of the country, and the modern Greek, although he has again a Saxon king, has lost all apparent trace of any previous Saxon relationship. Would another infusion of Danish blood bring back again the Greece of old?

Another question of great interest that Knox discussed with zest was, "What is the German race?" "Whatever they are, they are not Saxons," said he, and in this he was perfectly right. As a matter of fact, the Germans, who form a more heterogeneous mixture of races than any other nation in Europe, find a nearer blood relationship in Russia



THE NEW POLICE SUMMER TUNIC.

than in England. It is true that along the German coast of the North Sea there is still a strong fringe of the Saxon race, just as there is in Holland to the south, and in Denmark and Norway to the north. The inhabitants of that part of Germany are English in everything except in language. But they form only a fraction of the German Empire; they differ as profoundly from the Bavarian in the south, the most gifted people in Europe, whatever race they may turn out to belong to, or the Prussian in the north, or the Pole in the east, as from a typical Spaniard. And yet on every hand we hear it asserted that the German is our cousin. We are cousins in language, and even cousins, if you care, to the small Saxon fringe in the west; but what is our relationship to the Bavarian—I wish we were related to him—the Prussian, or the Pole? There are four different Irelands inside Bismarck's blood-and-iron ring—four Irelands held loosely together by the fear of the Celt of the south and the iron heel of the Pruss of the north.

If that is so, and there can be no doubt it is so, what is the strength of the German claim to cousinship with the Boer? He is a Saxon, of that there can be no doubt; and Knox, who made a special study of the South African Boer, cites him as the best example known of how, even a small band of men, cast in a strange and utterly new country, cut off from the parent stock for over three hundred years, yet retains the characters of the race in all their pristine form. "Southern Africa," he writes, "with its parched soil, strange-looking beasts, and still stranger men, did not suit the Portuguese; they landed, but soon abandoned it, leaving the races it contained to the tender mercies of the most selfish, commercial, trading, narrow-minded, unimproving, of all the Saxon race, the skippers of Rotterdam, of Amsterdam, and their descendants. The very oxen and miserable sheep of the wretched Hottentot, the Saxon Dutchmen adopted, cherished, and maintained unaltered, until an irruption from Europe of Englishmen upset them and their soul-destroying self-opinionateness." Their apple-cart went over then, although, thanks to the discovery of the Rand, they have got it on its wheels again. They are Saxons, and Knox thought that meant a great deal. "You have not discovered the true nature of the Saxon; you will not understand him, and yet you received a sharp lesson at Boston and at New Orleans, losing the mightiest colony ever founded by any race. Australia comes next, then South Africa. Look at the Dutch-Saxon at the Cape, a handful of Boers, yes, a mere handful of Boers, bearding your best cavalry officer at the head of six regiments." "The Saxon is the most clannish of all races; it is the greatest boaster; none can match it for self-pride and haughty, overbearing self-esteem; law-abiding it is, but only if it makes the laws itself, and none fights so

be right in all his opinions, but the solution he proposed is too brutal for even a Saxon to mention. He took a most despondent view of the future relationship of our colonies to the Mother Country; Saxons hate their cousins most. Celtic France could not colonise, and paid, in his time as in ours, over a million pounds a-year for the pleasure of calling Algeria a colony, not to mention the regiments of soldiers it has swallowed up. There was no Egyptian Question then, but the possibility of colonising tropical Africa from Europe was greatly discussed, and Knox negatived it as impossible, and it will remain even so until science confers upon us an immunity to malarial poisoning. The Negro Question, always looming more and more threateningly in the States, he regarded as most important, and full of danger to the future of America. The Latin races in South America are drifting exactly as Knox predicted. The Question of Race is the question not only of to-day, but of all time.

I have to chronicle the débuts of two young singers, whose portraits appear on this page. Miss Maude Danks, a promising mezzo-soprano, made her first appearance at the Steinway Hall

on Tuesday week, in conjunction with Miss Hilda Gee, a new violinist. Miss Danks, who is the daughter of a journalist, has been trained by Mr. William Sexton, of the Meister Glee Singers, and latterly by Madame Belle Cole, with whom she has toured. She sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" with great expression, and showed her range by giving some drawing-room ballads. The other new-comer is Miss Beatrice McEntire, who recently made her début at a concert in aid of the restoration of St. George's, Bloomsbury. She is a high soprano, and has been trained by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. She sang Miss Allitsen's "Song of Thanksgiving" and Gounod's "Entreat Me not to leave Thee" with great intelligence.

I have recently had to record the death of the last of the Gretna Green blacksmiths, and now the American equivalent of the famous marriage-mart is threatened with extinction. Free marriages taking place in New Jersey will cease to be legal after July 1 next, if the Lloyd Marriage Licence Law passes. Camden is the name of the little town which is the Gretna Green of Philadelphia-lovers, and a certain Rev. W. H. Burrell plays the part once performed by the Scots blacksmith. His house has become quite famous, for each year thousands of couples find their way there. Indeed, Dr. Burrell boasts that he often turns away forty young people in one week, simply because he does not consider that they fully realise the importance of the step they wish to take. In Pennsylvania matrimony is an expensive business, and this is the real reason why so many find their way to Dr. Burrell's "marrying parlour." There the wedding-fee is left to the generosity of the contracting parties. Of course, many strange legends have grown round the "Sign of the Peach-tree," as Dr. Burrell's house is known to the profane. It is so conveniently close to the ferry that not infrequently couples have been known to arrive from Philadelphia, get married, and go back on the return trip of the same boat.

America is determined to keep up her reputation for records. There has just been caught and placed in the New York Aquarium a lobster which can fairly claim to be the champion shell-fish of the world. He has been christened Fitzsimmon II., and, considering that the average weight of lobsters has been decreasing gradually for some time, and that now a five-pound lobster is considered a rare find, this thirty-pounder can claim to be a giant indeed. It is to be feared that our descendants will never know the joys of lobster-salad. Even as long ago as 1687 sixty-eight million lobsters were caught in one year, and there is no doubt that some years a hundred millions are basketed on the North Atlantic coast.

I have to congratulate the *Kelso Mail* on the attainment of its centenary, which was celebrated on Tuesday week by the issue of a special number, to which Mr. Andrew Lang contributed an article on "Old Kelso Cricket." The *Mail* is interesting from the fact that it was started by James Ballantyne, whom Scott knew to his sorrow. An excellent account of the financial relations of the two was given in Tuesday's *Mail*. On Wednesday the *Pall Mall Gazette* reached its ten thousandth number, and celebrated the occasion by issuing a reprint of the first number, which was dated February 1865.



MISS BEATRICE MCENTIRE.
Photo by Parker, High Holborn.

readily for freedom, and none is so ready to enslave." Things have changed at the Cape in the fifty years since Knox's time, but the characters of the Saxon race have remained as they were.

It is strange that in "Home Rule" days no one alluded to Knox, yet he had discussed in full what is called the Irish, or, as he called it, the Celtic, Question. The events of the last fifty years have proved him to



MISS MAUDE DANKS.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

Since the opening night of "The Princess and the Butterfly" Miss Julia Neilson's performance has improved. I know one man at least, however, who drops in to see the magic fourth act, in which Fay Zuliani in her harlequin dress has her great scene with Sir George Lamorant.

People are apparently sceptical nowadays as to the substantial value of an artistic monument "more enduring than bronze," and the cry is, "Either a statue or nothing." Chopin is soon to be honoured with a memorial, and permission has been obtained from the French Minister of

county, and who is much interested in sanitary matters, accepted the office of President, the Dean of Gloucester consented to act as Chairman, while much of the success of the Society has been due to the Hon. Sec., Dr. Francis T. Bond, a well-known Gloucester medical man. The society very rightly considered that it could best honour the man who discovered the value of inoculation by in every way diffusing knowledge on the subjects of vaccination and of small-pox. Acting on the very sensible premise that charity begins at home, the Jenner Society began by making a vigorous and apparently a successful effort to combat



MISS JULIA NEILSON.
A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

Instruction and Fine Arts for the holding of a concert in furtherance of this laudable object at the Paris Conservatoire.

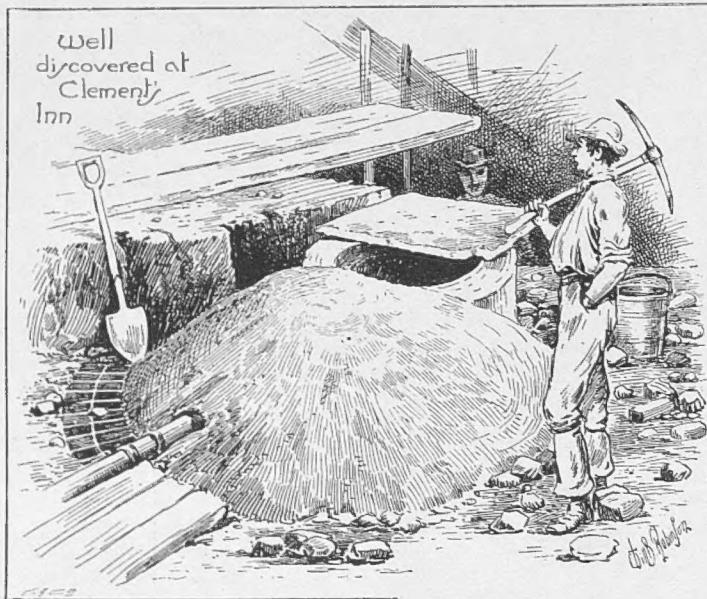
A short time ago I referred to the meeting held at Burlington House apropos of the proposed national memorial to Edward Jenner. I was not then aware that something of the kind had already been suggested some twelve months ago in Gloucester, Jenner's native city. The Jenner Society, although only a twelvemonth old, seems to have flourished exceedingly. The Earl of Dicke, the Lord-Lieutenant of the

the anti-vaccination agitation in and about Gloucester, but its labours have had to be gradually extended over the whole kingdom. All that has been achieved has been carried through with the very modest expenditure of £160 5s. 8½d., an example which might well be followed by far less useful and less modest societies.

If you happen to stroll down Whitecomb Street on a sunny forenoon, you may see the two pigeons who figure in "A Pierrot's Life" fluttering in their cage hung outside the stage-door of the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

The excavations now being carried on in Clement's Inn, for the purpose of laying the foundations of the new buildings, have brought to light a curious old brick well, which was buried about a couple of feet below the roadway. It is circular in shape and about twelve feet deep, and rather more than eight feet in diameter. It is completely protected by a dome of brickwork, on one side of which is a small opening, which

including St. Paul's, the Monument, the Tower, the Tower Bridge, the Embankment, the Temple, Somerset House, the Needle, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St. Thomas's Hospital, and Lambeth Palace, to say nothing of the river and the ships that go down thereon. Why doesn't some industrious person print a volume of eulogies on London, prose and verse alike? Dr. Johnson for once would be satisfied.



SKETCH OF A WELL DISCOVERED AT CLEMENT'S INN.

was roughly covered by a paving-stone. Perhaps it can hardly be called a well in the ordinary sense of the word; it is connected with the water-main, and was probably intended as a receptacle for the storage of water, whence it could be conveniently pumped up for the use of the Inn. The brickwork masonry, which lines the well and forms the dome, is extremely massive, and has been rendered water-tight by the use of hand-mixed lime mortar, and the well probably dates back to the time of the foundation of the New River Company at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

I yield to no man in my love of London, and to every eulogist of our mighty city I turn with vivid interest. I remember reading a delightful article in the *Spectator* last December—the *Spectator*, with all its love of nature, is a devotee of London Town as well—in which the charm of London was suggestively analysed. The writer maintained that no one can live in London without being sensibly stirred by the consciousness of force. The closing passage of the article struck me at the time as being exceptionally well put—

The great charm of London is in the magnitude and variety of its life, and the singular order which regulates it. To see the great tide of labour and organising thought flow into London day by day in waves as sure and steady as those of the advancing tide, and then ebb again in the evening as the labourers and the organisers of labour rush back to their quiet homes, is even more impressive than to watch the flow and ebb of the sea on a line of beach. For we know how "the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon," but we do not know how it is that all these atoms of eager desire, and ingenious imagination, and restless self-will, are controlled so as to constitute the mighty whole of a city in which there is as much constancy and order as there is fulness of life.

That is the poetised side of it. The practical aspect of the question has been stated with great clearness and enthusiasm by Mr. Walter Simms in an address which he recently delivered before the Surveyors' Institution. The depreciation of London is his *bête noire*. Cobbett, who described it three-quarters of a century ago as the "great Wen," rouses his wrath, and for Mr. Grant Allen, who on a recent occasion decried it as a "squalid village," he has the most infinite contempt, describing him as "the very catherine-wheel of contemporary literature, buzzing and fizzing and spurting, with not infrequent bursts of real brilliancy around the inevitable fixed and central *ego*." London as a place to breathe in is Mr. Simms's vision. Thus, within the five-mile radius of Charing Cross there are no less than fifty-three ground-areas, apart from cemeteries, square-gardens, and private grounds, nearly the whole of them greatly exceeding 20 acres in extent (Regent's Park, with 450 acres, being the biggest), representing a total of about 4246 acres, being an average of over 80 acres each. And immediately beyond this radius stretch the vast spaces of Richmond Park, Wimbledon Common, Greenwich Park, Blackheath, and the Crystal Palace. Within the four-mile radius, the space occupied by the Thames, cemeteries, churchyards, canals, square-gardens, recreation-grounds, represent 7975 acres out of a total area of 32,163 acres. In other words, the "lung-spaces" of London approximate very closely upon twenty-five per cent. of its total area. Within three-quarters of a square mile in Bloomsbury there are sixteen spacious squares and other spaces, aggregating about seventy-eight acres, or a sixth of the whole.

Mr. Simms also points out that since 1839 the City of London alone has paid towards the improvement of the whole Metropolis £11,223,277—that is, £614 odd daily. He holds that Adelphi Terrace itself "fronts a panorama such as perhaps no other city in the world can present,"

Certainly there are aspects of life in London that cannot be matched. Personally, I do not know anything more delightful than spring in London, and, in enabling all Cockneys to go out on jaunts, Easter is the most beneficent break in the year. What could be more delightful than the parks at this season, or the trees that struggle for life in such crowded centres as St. Paul's Churchyard and the Strand? It would make a stone sentimental.

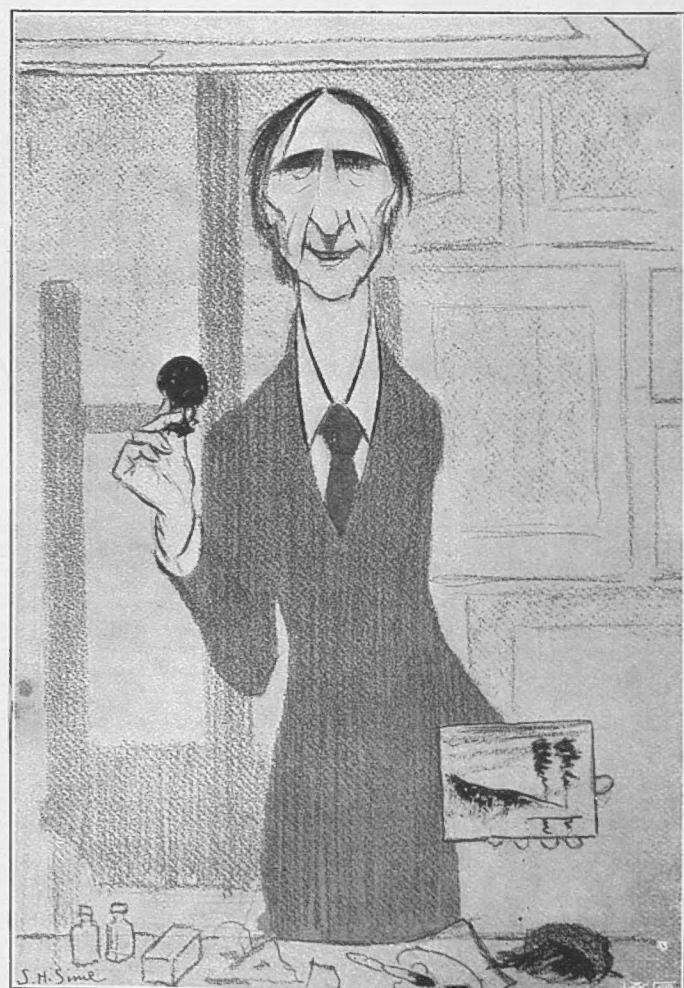
Nay, tell me not of country lanes,
Of hawthorn hedge and verdant lea—
Give me the tender, budding tree
That rises round St. Clement Danes,
Where, near its blackened walls, you see
The City pigeons wheel and wing.
I want no rustic vale. For me
A London spring.

I do not pine for pasture-land,
For I can clearly see the dawn
Of youth upon the Temple lawn
Or on the plane-trees in the Strand.
The City bird can scarce be drawn
To nest among the moorland ling;
And I am like a playful fawn
In London's spring.

It greets me every morn I rise,
For sleep the daring sparrow mocks;
The crocus in my window-box
Tells once again of sunny skies.
I see it in the flippant frocks
In which the Bond Street shoppers swing,
I see in flounce and silken clocks
The London spring.

I see it when the water-carts
Troop forth to kiss the dusty street.
In every park the air is sweet;
And love comes out for throbbing hearts.
The darkening fog is now effete,
And Winter is no longer King.
The whole wide world can never beat
My London spring.

G. F. Watts for Whitechapel! Could the march of progress be better illustrated? Lord Crewe opened the exhibition, which is held, as usual, at St. Jude's. Professor Herkomer was, unfortunately, too ill to allow of his attendance.



PROFESSOR HERKOMER.
"Then I take my dabber and I dab it."

I have to congratulate my contributor Mr. Dudley Hardy on the admirable poster which he has designed for the Savoy. His Majesty is discovered in his crimson beard, standing on a green ground, which vanishes into exaggerated but striking perspective. Such a poster cannot fail to catch the eye. "The Circus Girl" is advertised by a huge



POSTER AT THE GAIETY STAGE-DOOR.

painted canvas picture (above the stage-door of the Gaiety Theatre), which I have reproduced here. It makes a very effective picture as seen from a distance, and is likely to adorn that romantic stage-door for many a day to come.

I have just heard a curious story that illustrates the decadence of the dance among our native girls. A few weeks ago the manager of a large Continental hall took the idea of running a ballet with English dancers as the attraction. He sent to his agent in London, and after some difficulty obtained twenty or thirty pretty, graceful English girls, who had danced at various leading London houses from time to time. Terms were arranged, the girls went to their destination across "the narrow seas," and the *maître de ballet* attended to rehearse them. The gentleman is an Italian by birth, and accustomed to the technical excellence of the schools. To him, worthy man, pretty faces and figures to match are as nothing, or less. He did his best, and then flew into a passion, declaring that English girls could not dance, that he would not prepare the ballet, that the reputation of the house would be ruined, and much else on similar lines. In the eyes of the Continental expert, the English girl is quite incapable and unworthy of consideration as a dancer. The traditional dislike of our countrywoman to long and sustained practice is no fiction. She prefers to achieve her conquests through the medium of face, figure, dress, electric light, and puff paragraphs.

Mr. Alfred Dubont, a French banker resident at Boulogne, is the author of "Frédigonde," the new drama announced for early production at the Théâtre Français. It has naturally the same historical scenes as the opera also called "Frédigonde," brought out in Paris a couple of years ago. M. Dubont designed his play, in the first instance, for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and it is now some time since it was placed in the hands of the director of the Comédie Française.

There is magic in a name indeed, with all respect to Juliet of Verona. I lately saw a minor theatrical advertisement asking for actors and actresses *à la Fregoli* to learn ventriloquism. Clearly Mr. Arthur Roberts, the great and only Trickoli, will have to look to his laurels.

A performance has recently been given in New York of a dramatisation of "Rappaccini's Daughter," one of the stories in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse." This reminds me that a fantasy in three scenes, based upon the same tale, and with the title of "The Poison-Flower," was produced here at a series of matinées at the Vaudeville in June 1891. This interesting but rather puzzling dramatic fantasy was from the pen of Dr. John Todhunter, since then better known in stageland as the author of that clever play "The Black Cat." Miss Florence Farr and Mr. Bernard Gould were included in the cast of "The Poison-Flower," the programme at these matinées further

comprising Dr. Todhunter's pastoral "A Sicilian Idyll." The leading characters in this were sustained by Mr. Gould, Miss Farr, Miss Lily Linfield, and Mr. T. B. Thalberg.

I know, of course, that there are lots of people in this country who believe in the efficacy of charms and talismans, who dip into the future with the aid of crystal balls and cards, and who respect the dicta of those who read the stars; but I did not know that there existed in London a shop where you might buy these things. A journalist friend of mine, whose knowledge of London resembles Mr. Sam Weller's, made the fact known to me the other day. He had discovered a place in Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, where the believer in the occult sciences—or the unbeliever, for that matter—may, for any sum from ten guineas to ten shillings, buy a crystal ball warranted to unfold the future to the faithful. Here you may provide yourself with a "charm," weird hieroglyphics traced on parchment, silver, or gold, to secure your health or recovery from disease, to ensure the safety of a vessel—Lloyd's ought to look into this—or to preserve you against accidents. If I withhold the name of this establishment, it is only because I don't want to ruin the insurance industry, in which I have many friends. I do not believe in charms myself, but I do believe in and envy that faith possessed by weaker vessels which renders efficacious squares of parchment mysteriously inscribed. It is simply the "faith cure" with a tangible something thrown in to help. A striking example of the "faith cure" (*without the aid of charms!*) came under my notice only a few days ago. One of the ablest literary men I know, suffering from symptoms of a painful disease, recovered therefrom on being assured by a doctor in whom he had perfect confidence that there was nothing whatever the matter with him, and this after careful treatment by another medico had failed to remove the said symptoms.

The love of animals which among civilised nations is so essentially English is undoubtedly spreading. It is making progress in Vienna, from where Dr. Carl Landsteiner, Provost and Prelate of Moravia, has just issued an appeal specially addressed to women of all countries. This humane churchman, who is President of the Viennese Society for the Protection of Animals, gives a pitiful account of what goes on each autumn in Italy. Near Milan three birdcatchers alone caught in one day no less than six hundred and forty pounds' weight of swallows, and sent them to Genoa for sale! British visitors to Italy are often sickened to see large piles of dead nightingales, larks, finches, and even swallows, exposed for sale in the public food-markets. A law dealing with the wanton destruction of small birds has been several times introduced in the Italian Parliament, but without any result. Of course, fashion is greatly responsible for this wholesale slaughter of winged innocents. Nearly a million "bird-skins" find their way to London each season.



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S POSTER FOR THE SAVOY THEATRE.

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and already humming-birds and Birds of Paradise are becoming extinct. Dr. Landsteiner suggests an appeal to the Empresses and Queens of Europe. A clear royal pronouncement on the matter would probably have great weight with many deaf to a humanitarian appeal.

Holland has been known as the land of dykes and tulips. In future it will be able to hold its own in the dog world, as was proved recently at Rotterdam, where the Kynologen Vereinigung Nederland held their first meeting, under the presidency of Herr Louis Doppelmann, who has himself done more than anyone in breeding and importing valuable dogs into Holland. Many of his splendid animals are well known to the frequenters of the more important London dog shows, while at the various Continental ones they have an unbeaten record. Among the most graceful and beautiful hounds of the day Herr Louis Doppelmann's Borzoi Champion Ataman II. takes a foremost place. He was bred in Russia by M. Ozerof, and was born in April 1892, his sire and dam being Ataman I. and Almasker. When he was about a year old he was purchased by his present owner, who has since exhibited him at the principal Continental shows, where he has taken first honours on every occasion. He got his championship in London at the Kennel Club Show in '94 for being the best Borzoi of the show. At Cruft's in February he again added to his long list of victories, and won all hearts by his extreme beauty and gentleness. His colour is white, with silvery-grey markings at the head.

Eldee's Duke and Black Peter, the grand pair of mastiffs exhibited by Herr Doppelmann at the Rotterdam Show, are considered the best of the breed on the Continent. The former, bred by his owner, is by his own dog Jonathan and Eldee's Maid. He was born in March 1895. Eldee's Duke is a medium-size fawn dog, well-proportioned and symmetrical, with a typical head. His kennel companion, Black Peter, a dark brindle, is the better dog of the two, and, except on one occasion, when he had to lower his crest to Mr. J. Royle's English-born and bred Peter Piper, can also boast an unbeaten record. This occasion was at Cruft's February Show, when, having taken two first prizes, he was beaten in the competition for the Challenge Cup by his English rival.



THE BORZOI CHAMPION ATAMAN II.
Photo by Schotel, Rotterdam.

Both Black Peter and Eldee's Duke are extremely gentle and affectionate dogs, but, at the same time, make splendid guards and are devoted to their master. Many other grand dogs are to be found in these kennels; all are in first-rate condition, and have the affectionate gentleness (gome to the backbone as they are) which distinguishes those animals whose owners thoroughly love and care for them, and treat them as sensitive and intelligent companions.

The champion bull-terrier Woodcote Victor is owned by Mr. H. J. Preston, of the Grand Hotel, Bournemouth. He was born on March 15, 1896, and is by Amphion II. out of Lady Pat. He has won three first and three special prizes at the Crystal Palace, a first at Birmingham and a reserved championship, and three firsts, a special, and the Pollard Challenge Cup at Cruft's, Agricultural Hall.

The re-muzzling order has been in force a fortnight or more, but the dog-owners have not "said their say" against it yet. It is a pity that the authorities did not entrust the task of framing the regulations to a man who knew something about dogs; had they done this, one sound cause of complaint would not have been given. Try and muzzle with the same pattern muzzle, as per regulation, a Borzoi and a Japanese pug, and see if you can make the teeth of each equally harmless. Of course, licence to muzzle with any effective appliance would not satisfy the dog-owners, who, on behalf of their pets, say, "We do not wish to be muzzled at all," like the little pigs when asked to name the sauce with which they would prefer to be eaten: they claim that those dogs which have masters to muzzle them are not the dogs from which there is danger of rabies; for possible rabies you must look to the uncared-for and unmuzzled stray. Was ever, they triumphantly inquire, a rabid dog found muzzled? obviously blind to the retort that dogs are to be muzzled because muzzled dogs have never been found rabid! For my own part I detest the muzzling order, and regard it, applied as it is to the country in meaningless patches, perfectly useless as a means of stamping out rabies. Muzzle every dog

in the kingdom, irrespective of his vocation, be he foxhound, pointer, or sheep-dog, and keep him muzzled for a year, if you will. It would be an intolerable nuisance, but there would be some sense in such a measure,



THE CHAMPION BULL-TERRIER WOODCOTE VICTOR.
Photo by the Central Photo Company, Bournemouth.

while muzzling by "area" only irritates without producing compensating advantages of any sort whatever.

On Tuesday week Mr. Stevens sold Mr. Rowland Ward's specimen of the egg of the Great Auk for 280 guineas, the purchaser being an hotelkeeper in the Regent's Park district, who once before paid a large sum for a similar egg. There are only seventy or seventy-two examples of the egg in existence, so far as is known; many of these are incomplete, and when a perfect specimen does come into the market it always commands a fancy price. Their value has gone up enormously in recent times. In 1830 an egg was sold by a Paris dealer for five francs, and three years later another was sold for three francs. These two specimens are now in the Philadelphia Museum. A specimen now in the Breslau Museum was sold in 1832 for £2; this same egg changed hands in 1870 for 200 thalers, or about £30. In 1884 the late Lord Lilford secured a good specimen for £40 in Dorsetshire; but only during the present decade have the eggs reached such very extravagant prices. In February 1894 Sir Vauncey Crewe paid 300 guineas for a fine example. In April 1894 two eggs were sold for 260 guineas and 175 guineas respectively; the fact that one egg was cracked and the other badly broken explains the fall in price. It is worth noting that these two eggs were bought at an auction-sale in one of the southern counties for £1 16s. a month before they came under Mr. Stevens's hammer. The record price for the Great Auk's egg was paid in April 1895 for an egg belonging to Sir Frederick Milner. It was bought for the Edinburgh Museum of Science for £350. The Auk's egg measures about four inches and three-eighths in length, and averages about two inches and three-quarters in greatest diameter; in colour it is a dirtyish cream-white, blotched, streaked, and lined with reddish cinnamon-brown.

The *West End* is the name of the latest illustrated monthly. The size is too big, I think. The pictures are well reproduced, however; and the meadow margins set them off. The motive of the magazine is a little hard to discover. Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have issued in one sheet (35 by 28 in.) coloured representations of one hundred of the chief flags. All the flags are drawn the same size (2 by 1 1/2 in.), and should have a place in schools and offices. It may be had at different prices, varying from two shillings to three-and-sixpence.



THE MASTIFFS ELDÉE'S DUKE AND BLACK PETER.
Photo by Schotel, Rotterdam.

The scheme for the erection of a statue worthy of the fame of Victor Hugo is proceeding apace. Subscriptions to the amount of two hundred thousand francs have already come in, and it is expected that the total figures will be as high as two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty thousand francs. A model of the statue, which has been designed by the sculptor Barras, will be set up in public about the beginning of the new century, and the date 1902 is approximately fixed for the completion of the work.

The sculptor has shown Victor Hugo standing with his elbow resting on a granite crag, and apparently listening to the many murmurs of πολυφλοισθαλασσής (*poluphloisboio thalassēs*), to use the sonorous Homeric phrase. At Hugo's feet will be shown the "choir harmonious" of the Quatre Vents de l'Esprit, surmounting the pedestal whereon will figure four bas-reliefs by Falguière, symbolising respectively the politician, the orator, the philosopher, and the novelist. On the last of these will be represented a scene from "Les Misérables." The design is a noble one, and should prove fitting homage to Victor Hugo's memory.

certain things. He offered me things to smoke and drink, as well, but they were other matters. The conference resulted from my asking him how firms can cater on a huge scale, and can serve fifteen or twenty thousand people at a big profit. Mr. Manager told me much that was very interesting. From his discourse I gather that viands have certain powers appertaining to elasticity. You can stretch a joint of meat over a given area, and what will serve thirty people for choice will satisfy forty in case of necessity. There are certain well-defined possible extensions. A caterer will estimate for a dinner to twenty people, and will, if necessary, have all the food eaten up by sixteen, or serve twenty-five with it and leave some over. In neither case, I am told, can the diner tell what the caterer is doing. Of course, to bring about such a wonderful state of things, an expert carver is necessary, and carver works hand in glove with caterer. I am further informed, and do verily believe, that in days of old the surplus stock of provender was usually destroyed. "In the times when transit was expensive and difficult we have positively flushed the drains with milk," said the manager mournfully. "Now, of course, a much better system is



"BYEWAYS," THE CURTAIN-RAISER AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Sophie (Miss Gwynne Herbert) is "betrayed" by her master, Sir Eustace Carroll (Mr. W. T. Lovell). The girl's parents, Ebenezer and Martha Higgs (Mr. Volpè and Miss Florence Haydon) arrive on the scene. Sir Eustace, who has ruined himself at cards, declares his intention to marry Sophie, and a lucky lottery-ticket bought by Mrs. Higgs restores the bold, bad baronet to his former status.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

Lord Kelvin and his belief as to ineffectiveness of the divining-rod notwithstanding (writes a correspondent), I have seen them work wonders with it in the Western Counties, not only in the matter of water, but of metals. In Cornwall the hazel-rod has been, and, for aught I know, may be still, many a time used to indicate the spot where a shaft may be sunk with advantage, while in Devonshire "wizards" and their hazel wands for divining the whereabouts of water were quite usual in the days of my boyhood. Indeed, we possessed a perfectly harmless "wizard" in the person of our gardener—a tall, bent, grey old man, with a splendid West Country brogue. As to his success in the matter of "charms," I can only say he bore a great reputation as a white wizard; but on the water question I have more direct evidence, for he not only discovered its existence with his rod beneath a large oak-tree in our garden, but he persuaded my father to sink a well there, with a result that was extremely beneficial to us all for a good many years. Better water than that "divined" by our tame wizard I never have drunk and do not desire to drink.

One of the managers of a large firm of caterers recently took me into his confidence and his private office, and gave me to understand

possible, and all the surplus that cannot well be sold is given away to certain large charitable institutions. They send at stated hours for all unbought goods. If it were not for the difficulties of catering for an uncertain number of people, the price of cooked food would go down very much. Bought as we buy, the profits are enormous; but, of course, the difficulties and waste bring price up again."

Although a well-known American actress lately thought that Lady Teazle was a Shaksperian rôle, and although "Richelieu" was recently described as being by Shakspeare on the bills of a New England playhouse, revivals of the great bard's works (I use this epithet *pace* G. B. S.) seem to be appreciated fully across the Atlantic. It is not long since Miss Margaret Mather's careful reproduction of "Cymbeline," and now Mr. Augustin Daly has staged "The Tempest." This play will shortly be seen in London again under the auspices of the Irving A.D.C., by whom it was performed at St. George's Hall six or seven years back, and I have heard rumours of a projected far more important revival of the same play by an actor-manager in the front rank. So, with all the other recent or contemplated revivals, the much-contemned Shakspeare is not quite snuffed out just yet.

The Brontë Museum at Haworth may now be considered a most pronounced success. It is a small room in a well-nigh inaccessible village, and yet it would seem that, during the three years of its existence, at least twenty thousand admission-fees have been paid at the door. An extraordinary testimony this to the vitality of the Brontë cult. I went up to Haworth last week to attend the Brontë Society's meeting, and was more than ever impressed by the way in which Yorkshire is beginning, or rather, continuing to think about the Brontës. People came from Huddersfield, Wakefield, and Sheffield, as well as from Leeds and Bradford, to attend this gathering on the Haworth heights. It is easy to see that the movement will grow, and that Yorkshire will make great, and even greater, steps in Brontë heroine-worship.

from Stratford-on-Avon. Davis possesses nearly all the standard editions of Shakspere, and he is even in correspondence with a great many of the leading Shaksperian authorities. His favourite play is "Hamlet," and his one ambition in life is to be granted a free pardon in order to go to England and see Stratford-on-Avon. By the way, this convict-scholar was once himself a prison-keeper; he was condemned for being "an accessory before the fact" in the murder of one of his fellows; unfortunately for himself, he agreed to connive at a prisoner's escape, by handing him in a parcel from friends outside containing the weapon with which a murder was ultimately committed. Now, however, even the judge who condemned him has appealed for a pardon on his behalf, and it is likely that this Shaksperian will soon be at large, free to pursue his hobby under pleasanter conditions.

"En Route," the entertaining musical comedy which was taken on a short tour last autumn, after successful London representations at the Parkhurst and Borough, Stratford, Theatres, is just starting on the road again under the auspices of the Brigata and Harrison Brockbank Comic Opera Company. The part of the hero, Dick Stanford, originally filled by Mr. Richard Temple junior, will now be sustained by Mr. Harrison Brockbank, who has apparently quite given up serious opera for the lighter forms of musical pieces. Mr. Temple, oddly enough, is sustaining Mr. Brockbank's old rôle with "The New Barmaid."

I hear that the contemplated conversion of the 21st Hussars into Lancers will be followed by other changes of a similar nature. The lance is, I understand, considered by the authorities a more useful weapon than the sword in such campaigns as those in which England has in recent years been engaged. In Indian, African, and Egyptian Expeditions, where spearmen are among the foes, the lance is found a wonderfully effective weapon. It will be a pity, however, from a historical point of view, if our Hussar regiments disappear altogether, for, though they are not among our earliest cavalry, they have existed for over ninety years. Foreign Hussars were in British pay as long ago, I believe, as the end of last century, or perhaps earlier, and the name had been applied, but quite unofficially, to certain regiments of our Light Dragoons; but it was not till 1806 that the Hussar officially took his place as a recognised soldier of the Empire, and in that year three Hussar regiments, the 7th, 10th, and 15th, were raised and equipped, to be followed in the course of time by ten others.

Lord Byron's bookplate fetched two-and-twenty shillings at Puttick and Simpson's the other day.

"The Romance of the Irish Stage in the Eighteenth Century" is the title of a book upon which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has just been engaged. The book will shortly be published by Messrs. Downey, in two volumes.

The functions of dramatic critic, theatrical manager, and actor seem strangely interchangeable nowadays. We find leading newspaper-men like Mr. Massingham and Mr. Archer on the provisional committee of the New Century Theatre, and almost synchronously I note that M. Lugné-Poë, who has gained some reputation on both sides of the Channel as director of the Paris Théâtre de l'Œuvre, is beginning to write a weekly feuilleton of dramatic criticism for a French paper.

Theatre Royal
LASTINGEAN LANE, STRATFORD.

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF
Mr. CHAS. KELLY and COMPANY.

Stage Manager: Mr. H. E. RUSSELL
Assistant Stage Manager: Mr. KELLY
Mr. H. E. RUSSELL

02 THURSDAY and SATURDAY, Sep. 27th & 29th.
The performance will commence with the Favourite Part. 1883.

Advice Gratis

Mr. O'Byrne
Mr. E. H. H. CAMERON
Mr. HENRY ELMORE
Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS
Mrs. BELLA CUTTERET
Miss AGNES BARNETT

After which the Celebrated Play, in 4 Acts, founded on Miss Charlotte Brontë's Novel of the same name, "Jane Eyre," with Great Success at the Globe Theatre, London.—

JANE EYRE.

By W. G. WILLS, Esq., Author of "Charlotte II," "Cecilia," &c.
Jane Eyre... Miss MAGGIE HUNT
Lady Ingram... Miss LAURA BRYRILLIS
Baptiste Ingram... Miss AGNES BARNETT
Miss Fairfax... Mrs. AGNES KNIGHT
Miss Fosco... Mrs. A. HARDINGE
Baptiste... Miss BELLA CUTTERET
Rochester... Miss E. RUSSELL
Lord Desmond... Mr. A. M. DENTON
Rev. Mr. Prior... Mr. H. H. H. CAMERON
Miss... Mr. HENRY ELMORE
Baptiste... Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS
Rochester... Mr. CHARLES KELLY

Time—Early Part of Present Century

Act 1.—Drawing-Room at Thornfield.
Act 2 & 3.—Library at Thornfield.
Act 4.—Lodge—Thornfield Park.

visit even from London. I hope that many of my readers will become members of the Brontë Society. The subscription is practically returned in pamphlets and transactions.

The appearance at the Matinée Theatre of Mrs. Bernard-Beere, now recovered from the illness which prostrated her, reminds me that she created the part of Jane Eyre in W. G. Wills's dramatisation of the story which was produced at the Globe Theatre on Dec. 23, 1882, with the following cast—

Jane Eyre	... Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE.
Lady Ingram	... Miss CARLOTTA LUGNÉ.
Mr. and Mrs. Ingram	... Miss KATE BISHOP.
Miss Fairfax	... Miss MAGGIE HUNT.
Miss Fosco	... Miss NELLIE JONES.
Mrs. Fairfax	... Miss ALEXIS LUGNÉ.
Rev. Mr. Prior	... Miss MASSON.
Rev. Mr. Rochester	... Miss D'ALMAINE.
Lord Desmond	... Miss CLEMENTINE COLLE.
Rev. Mr. Prior	... Mr. CHARLES KELLY.
Nat. Lee	... Mr. A. M. DENTON.
James	... Mr. H. E. RUSSELL.

The piece was not a success, but it went on tour, the cast being changed, as you will see from the production of the play at Bradford in the play-bill reproduced. "Jane Eyre" was first dramatised (forty-one years ago) by John Brougham, who produced it in New York, and this version may be found in Dick's Penny Plays. Brougham's play is divided into five acts and twelve scenes, starting with Lowood Academy. Wills confined himself to Thornfield Hall and the whole Rochester incident. A few years ago (I should like some reader to give me the exact date) James Willing made a melodrama of "Jane Eyre" under the title of "Poor Relations." This piece was performed at the Standard, Surrey, and Park Theatres. A version of the story, dramatised by Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, called "Die Waise von Lowood," has been rather popular in Germany.

A marvellous change has come over the interior of Her Majesty's Theatre during the last few days. Scaffolding has disappeared almost as if by magic, and by Thursday next Mr. Tree will have the satisfaction of seeing the last of the workmen, with the exception of a few engaged on final decorations. In short, the whole house is rapidly approaching completion.

The Bard of Avon finds his way to strange places. There is at this moment in a Connecticut prison a convict who knows the whole of Shakspere by heart from cover to cover, and he has devoted fourteen years of constant study to Shaksperian lore. John Henry Davis is fortunate in that he is a citizen of the Stars and Stripes. If he were a "lifer" at Dartmoor he would not be allowed to turn his cell into a library. The strangeness of this man's story consists in the fact that, until he became a convict, he knew little or nothing of the Divine William, and his interest in the subject came to him from hearing an address delivered by a clergyman who had just returned



MRS. BERNARD-BEERE AS JANE EYRE.
A Sketch at the Globe Theatre, Dec. 23, 1882.

SOME RELICS OF THE BRONTË FAMILY.



MRS. BRONTË'S MOTHER AT THE AGE
OF FIFTY-FIVE (d. 1808).

The five illustrations on this page have each of them an interest greater by far than most of the pictorial material which has been brought to light concerning the Brontës of late years. It will be remembered that the mother of Charlotte Brontë, who married Patrick Brontë, an Irish curate, was a Miss Branwell, of Penzance. She was on a visit to some relatives in Yorkshire at the time when the prepossessing young Irishman fell in love with her. Miss Maria Branwell had only recently lost her father and mother, and, being one of a number of sisters, she would seem to have had no great ambition to return to her Cornish home, which, indeed, she never revisited. Her father was a fairly successful merchant in Penzance, and left a number of children, several of whom married and settled in their own district. Of the illustrations before us, two of them are Mrs. Brontë's father and mother,



THE REV. PATRICK BRONTË.
The Earliest Portrait Extant.

and held at least three curacies before he became the incumbent of Haworth. One of these curacies—that of Wethersfield, in Essex, was first disclosed by Mr. Augustine Birrell in his "Life of Charlotte Brontë," and Mr. Birrell added to the disclosure the picturesque account of a most romantic love-episode in Mr. Brontë's life. But it was not until the other day that I discovered yet another curacy, which Mr. Brontë would seem to have held during the period between his undergraduate days at Cambridge and that incumbency of Haworth which was to hold him until the close of his life. This was a curacy at Wellington, in Shropshire, whither he went from Wethersfield, in Essex, in order to be near an old College friend, Mr. John Nunn, who was at the time a curate at Shrewsbury. It has been hitherto always thought that Mr. Brontë left Wethersfield for Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, but this



MRS. BRONTË'S FATHER AT THE AGE
OF FIFTY-THREE (d. 1808).

brief stay at Wellington is an interesting episode, and it has one permanent record, in that Mr. Brontë there sat for his portrait, in order to make it a present to Mr. Nunn. Mr. Nunn afterwards became rector of Thorndon, in Suffolk. It is to Mr. Nunn's niece, Miss Maria Tipton, that I am indebted for the opportunity of reproducing the portrait here. It would now seem, therefore, that Mr. Brontë held successively the curacy of Wethersfield in 1806, Wellington 1808, Dewsbury 1809, Hartshead-cum-Clifton 1811, and Thornton, in 1815, where Charlotte, Emily, and Anne were born. He removed to the incumbency of Haworth in 1820. From that point his career is, of course, perfectly familiar, reflected more especially through his remarkable daughters, whose history forms the most fascinating romance in the whole range of English letters, gaining in interest with the lapse of time.



MRS. BRONTË'S SISTER ELIZABETH (d. 1812).



MRS. BRONTË AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN (d. 1821).



MISS ALMA STANLEY.

DRAWN BY A. BIRKENRUTH.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LUIS.

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

"Farewell, my love in Mojave,
My only love in Mojave!
We go to Pueblo San Lasso;
Ripe lips has my love in San Lasso."

Thus Luis sang as we started from Mojave, sang thus as soon as he learned that we were bound for San Lasso.

Luis had been told the night before that he was to be at the station when the early train arrived from Los Angeles, so, of course, he was not there. But that was well. We had to take rooms at the station hotel, exchange our city garments for tweeds, and traffic at the station restaurant for things to eat put up in tins, and some bottles of wine and beer, for the desert of Mojave is deathly dry.

"Luis was 'on a time' last night, and he ain't showed up yet."

This the stableman imparted when, an hour late, he drove up and looked on encouragingly while we stored our belongings under the seats of the buckboard.

"When you get done packing, just jump aboard and we'll drive to his room, and I'll run him out."

We did so.

The stableman was gone so long, the two little black mules which were to drag us over the desert were fast asleep before he returned. Luis followed soon, his dark eyes blinking fast, plagued by the early morning desert sun.

I waited to hear what kind of apology he would offer. He was smiling in anything but an apologetic manner as he stood on the broad walk in front of the closed saloon over which he slept, drawing on a pair of much-tattered leather gloves mended in places with coarse cotton yarn. His dress was in kind with his gloves, except that his white sombrero was very new, and smart with Mexican silver eagles, silver cords, and tassels.

Luis regarded us with the slightly perplexed and unconcentrated look observable in men who have been "on a time," and continued to do so until, on the hundredth attempt, he realised that he could not button a buttonless glove; and then, his troubled look suddenly swept away by a breezy smile of complete friendliness, he said—

"Good morning, boys."

Now I, a Freiburg mining engineer, dedicated to pure science, have ever conducted myself so that my most intimate friend has never addressed me as "boy," and my companion was a capitalist possessed of a temperament which must have induced even his mother to avoid anything approaching familiarity in addressing him; yet we both responded to Luis's greeting with a cheerful "Good morning, Luis," so compelling was the perfect joyousness of his smile and tone.

Luis mounted to the front seat of the buckboard, and, by slow and laborious drilling, forced passages for his legs among the multitude of our luggage, gathered up the reins, pounded the mules awake, cried aloud "Whoop-la, mula! Mulee, mulee, mulee!" and we were off on the desert.

Luis confined his remarks wholly to the animals for fifteen minutes, objurgating them, calling upon Santa Maria to answer if they were not the worst beasts in baja California, entreating, flattering, and pouring forth sweet vowels of most endearing terms on his beloved mulas, his mulees, his adored mulitas. We had climbed to the top of the last of the low rises of sand on the western shore of the desert waste, and saw for the first time the full expanse of the crude, hateful, blasted earth our trail traversed, when Luis turned to us and asked—

"Where are you boys going, anyway?"

We told him.

"Oh! I know San Lasso. There is a hotel there."

We had not known this.

"He's a very good hotel, too," Luis continued. "I don't know if you can sleep there. He has no beds, and the man who keeps him, and his wife and the girl who helps, they are all who can sleep there. But everyone can eat. Oh, yes—very good grub; and the girl who helps is Mexican. Pretty good girl, too."

Then it was Luis sang in Spanish the verse I have roughly rendered above. He laughed as he finished singing—a laugh of simple, pure joy, if one may judge from tone, but broke it off with a sigh presently.

"I was out on a time last night," he said, as if feeling that his sigh should be interpreted. "Before I went with the boys, I called on my sweetheart, and I played her guitar and sang to her; but when her mother came, then I broke a string. Oh, yes, it was accident. It is a good accident to happen when the mother comes. I went with the boys then. I say I go get a new string, but—woop-la, mulee, mulee, mulee! Poor Luis! Well, he'll never drink any more. You see, there were some boys in town who'd been dry-washing in the Goler placers, and they had pockets full of gold; and some boys in the borax teams, with a month's wages. They all like Luis. Say, don't you boys think she knows why I broke the string?"

We assured Luis that in our mind there was no shadow of a doubt that the lady had a full and flattering realisation of his motives in sacrificing the guitar-string, and, in his happiness at our assurance, he swore at the mules with such surprising unction that they were startled out of a walk for at least a quarter of a mile. He interrupted a second

verse about the ripe lips of his only love in Mojave to ask, with a sudden and new eagerness, "Ever been San Luis Obispo way?"

The capitalist had.

Luis laughed, but softly, as if moved by light though pleasant recollections.

"Some nice ranchos in San Luis," he said, and added, "before the Gringo came."

Then he sang; but I have no art to give much more than a narrative equivalent of his song in English—

"Many cattle had your father on the range
(Ah me! The Gringo came),
There was wine and meat for all who would ask
Before the Gringo came.
Then you loved me, told me so in song,
Before the Gringo came.

"In the cañon where the mountain shades were deep
(Ah me! The Gringo came),
Pepita fair, you'd meet me all alone
Before the Gringo came.
Now he has your kisses sweet—but they were mine
Before the Gringo came.

"But I like it driving—staging or teaming—better than ranching."

I asked why. Luis did not answer for some time. He must have changed his vocation in life on mere instinct, and had not searched his mind for reason when he abandoned the saddle of a *requero* for the reins of a *cochero*. In a little he answered, turning to us and smiling—

"Well, if I drive—staging or teaming, or like this—then I see many towns and camps; and I like to see many different people, not the same girl all the time."

"You do not want to break all your guitar-strings," I interrupted.

Luis regarded me with abrupt seriousness, and then laughed and caroled—

"Oh, never forget the girl of your camp
Till another new camp is in sight.

"Say, have either of you boys a drink about you? You see, I was out last night, and a lot of boys were in town, and they are always saying,

"Come on, Luis, give us a song"; and, caramba! it is dry work, singing."

The capitalist uncorked a bottle of claret. Luis wiped his own mouth and the mouth of the bottle with the pudgy thumb of his glove, said "How!" and swallowed half a quart. His face plainly showed his disappointment that the beverage was not of stronger nature. That one look was the only cloud I ever saw on his face, and that passed in a moment. Even claret, in such draughts, has the quality of dispelling mental vapours.

We had come, now, where the juiceless, gaunt vegetation of the desert, stunted cacti, straggling sage-brush, and nightmares of grasses—shriveled stems with sudden bulbous distensions that snapped under the slightest touch like charred paper—come where even such vegetation was slowly disappearing: giving way to the alkali-whitened waste which looked at a distance like water, but, near by, like the eyes of the dead. There it was as if Nature had sunk down exhausted of all her power and fertility, saying: "I can do no more. All around are the mountains; them I made: their snow crowns, the ocean, breaking far away where the foot-hills shallow to the beach, are mine. Their smiling valleys, are they not my gift? Their cañons are majestic with mighty forests; I painted them with myriad flowers, and made them harmonious with the music of waterfalls. All those I have borne. Have I not been fruitful enough? Here I fail! I die!"

A little further there were no more even of those caricatures of vegetation we had passed in the early part of the day. As the mariner leaves by degrees all signs of land in his outward voyage, the forsaken float from shore, the harbour's battered east, and streaky drifts of seaweed, so we had left behind us those uncouth growths, wrecked fragments twisted into fantastic shapes by the desert winds and tides which had dragged them from the green mountains encircling us like a shore. Hither the tides and winds could coax not even the scantiest wizened flotsam. It was the very desert, afar seeming always like pleasant water, at our feet being always glazed, blind, barren earth.

"Do you like the desert?"

Neither of us answered this cheerfully asked question, so Luis answered himself—

"Yes, I like the desert—with San Lasso on the other side.

"We go to the Pueblo San Lasso—

Ripe lips has my love in San Lasso."

At a little man-made oasis we lunched and rested our mules. There was a cabin there, and meagre water brought in hot iron pipes from the mountains, else the gold and silver and borax could not be freighted across the desert.

When he repacked our hamper, Luis appropriated a bottle each of claret and beer, and drained the last drop of the beverages as he drove into San Lasso, with much joyful shouting to his dear, his beloved, his adored mulees—the best that had ever crossed the desert, so sure as he was a Christian.

I have said we drove "into" camp; but, if that suggests that we drove between rows of cabins, it is misleading, for all of San Lasso is on one side of a shallow cañon, which begins up in the mountains and ends where it vaguely flattens out in the barren sand. The hotel whereof

Luis boasted was a one-room cabin, made of a slight wooden frame, covered with tar-cloth fastened to the frame with brass-headed tacks, like rows of buttons on a page's jacket.

The landlord, chiefly remarkable at first sight for his look of incurable weariness and an impenetrable jungle of whiskers, seemed afflicted with a mild sort of shock when confronted with the problem of providing us with sleeping-accommodation. Luis could, of course, bunk in with the mules, but our host supposed, and nearly wept at the supposition, that he would have to provide us with something better—at least, different.

Luis came to the rescue with much spirit and flow of pure California Spanish, which the landlord understood, to our surprise, for his lazy speech to us was unmistakable Pike County. A half-bale of hay thrown down in the tent of the unfortunate señor who had gone to Mojave to have a bullet extracted from his hip would do the distinguished Tenderfoot señors very well, Luis explained.

It did.

We soon discovered the source of the landlord's knowledge of Spanish; his wife was a "native" Californian, which means there that she was a descendant of Mexicans. The third member of the family was the wife's niece.

"Ripe lips has my love in San Lasso"; she had; and pretty teeth, and big, soft eyes which brightened and looked glad when they saw Luis, as he deposited our traps on the floor of the hotel.

Jovita, that was her name, and to hear Luis pronounce it as she served us supper you would have thought it was spelt of vowels wholly.

There was another guest, José, a "native" also, a freight teamster, and he was the only one who did not approve of the songs and jokes and laughter of Luis. But Jovita had eyes and ears for Luis alone, and when she brought him her guitar, after supper, Luis caught the girl around the waist, drew her to him, and kissed her.

"Stop, you'll break the strings!" the girl exclaimed, laughing, though, as she protected the guitar.

"No need to break a string here," Luis said, and the impenitent one winked at us.

"Leave the girl alone!" the teamster said, glaring darkly.

"Why?"

"Because she is mine."

"She is his who wins," Luis replied, and the girl's eyes warranted his impudence.

We went to the front of our tent, lay on our backs on the washed gravel which had yielded its grains of gold, and stared at the heaven of night; stared in amazement and enchantment. The stars must love the desert, for there they come down so near, so bright, so many, they make the night aglow with a friendly radiance.

The few tired miners soon finished their evening pipes, and went into their cabins; their candle-lights ceased their timid gleamings, and the only signs of life in San Lasso came from in front of the hotel, where Luis, Jovita, and José were talking, singing, and sometimes quarrelling. The quarrels always ended in a laugh from Luis, a snarl from José.

"Let us provide against the possible chill of the night," said my companion. He called Luis, and sent him to bring a flask of whisky from a bag.

"Is there whisky?" asked Luis, in an accent of joy which seemed excessive for any degree of satisfaction he could reasonably be expected to feel over an assurance of our comfort.

When we had used it, Luis took the flask, but did not go into the hotel with it. Soon the laughter and singing became louder and more wayward, and voices were raised in anger more often, and at such times we heard Jovita beseeching the men not to quarrel, and still peace was concluded always with a laugh from Luis.

"That's a malicious brute Luis is baiting."

"And the quality of his malice is not being improved by our flask."

"Did Luis nip it?"

"He did," I responded; "and it is a cup these children of nature should not—"

I stopped my idle comment at a sudden change in the tone of the voices from in front of the hotel. They were not speaking so loud, but the girl's voice had an accent of imminent fear, and José spoke in quick, deep tones of threat.

We jumped to our feet as the girl shrieked, and we saw one dim figure dash down the cañon, holding in his hand something which caught a glint from the stars.

The girl had thrown herself over the body of Luis, and was kissing his startled, dying face as we ran to them.

Luis smiled faintly when he saw us, and murmured—

"Ripe lips has my love in San Lasso."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Howells has written many better stories, livelier, more varied in character and incident, than "The Landlord at Lion's Head," the English edition of which Mr. Douglas, of Edinburgh, has just brought out. But, for such readers as rate fiction by the reality of its presentation of human nature, rather than by its introducing agreeable people to us—and there are a few who take their novel-reading seriously enough for this—it will be accounted as the high-water mark of his power. As a story, it is rather tiresome; it is far too painstakingly detailed. Mr. Marion Crawford, in his New York romances, was never more so. The development of the hotel is described with a patience which a reader rewards by no gratitude

at all. The summer-boarders' incidents are mostly dull. Until we have guessed what he is driving at—and the quickest cannot do this early in the book—we keep saying with more and more conviction that Mr. Howells is here at his tamest, and that it must end in a failure. Then suddenly we find out the story has been a very secondary matter, and has been allowed to jog on just as it would, all the attention, real attention, being given to something else—namely, to the study of Jeff Durgin's character. Jeff Durgin has no rival in Mr. Howells' gallery. There is no one there so vividly presented, or so mercilessly handled. His portrait is a very powerful bit of work, and, for all real students of human nature, unforgettable. He is a muscular, forceful young fellow, a materialist, a cynic, with a keen sense of humour, much good-nature, independent, assertive, made of stuff too thick and solid to fit into any other man's mould. At Harvard he is a "jay"; in our language, a cad. He knows it; hardly resents the fact that everyone else knows it; gets some humorous satisfaction out of it, and, when he desires, strides aggressively over the obstacle it raises between him and "good society." Selfish, without ideals, clever, energetic only when it seems worth while, capable of brutality, he is not exactly an agreeable person. But his force and his naïve good-humour are attractive, and I think readers cannot live with him through the book without having a sneaking liking for him. So much so, that very probably they will think Mr. Howells, or the good man of the story, Westover, the idealist, is not fair to Jeff. The juxtaposition of the two counts for much in the artistic success of Jeff's portrait. But a man must, after all, be tried by his peers, by men of his own temperament, ambitions, and limitations, or if not, then by one who will not be shocked at divergence from his own pattern. For an idealist to sit in judgment on a materialist, or vice versa, unless he judge with almost superhuman wisdom, ends in an absurd and unfair verdict, for no man can don idealism or the reverse as a garment. It is in his eyes and his heart, colouring his vision and ruling his desires.

Perhaps Mr. Howells might have made a little more of Whitwell and Jackson Durgin's occult researches. But he has done enough to reveal a thoroughly American phase of mind and life. The raw newness of the outer existence and the emptiness of it in remote communities rouse an intense craving for spiritual activity, and Planchette and other like puerile things are laid hold of to stay the pangs. He repeats here his process of expanding character by contrast. Jackson, with the genuine spiritual nature, for all the crude outlets he gave to it, forsakes Planchette before his death, in his long weakness seeming to recognise there were better ways of seeing and feeling the invisible. Whitwell, on the other hand, sticks to it faithfully and unsuccessfully, till a more bustling life in town gives him a worldly excitement which he finds an excellent substitute.

The authoress of "The Leavenworth Case" has scored another success. "That Affair Next Door" (Putnams), her newest book, contains a labyrinthine story. The reader is not born who could unravel the puzzle without assistance. One is encouraged to guess, to use one's wits—a most necessary thing in a tale of the kind, but our every creation of guesswork topples to the ground. Seeing that it has very much the air of being designed for a puzzle, perhaps it is not the perfect type of its kind; but artistic fastidiousness is a little out of place in a story which drives you on to the end of the tracks of a clever detective and a still cleverer inquisitive woman, and keeps you hoping—quite vainly, of course—that you may be shrewder than either, bolt ahead on the scent, and bring the foul murderer to justice. In the end you find you have been slavishly led all the way, and you come to the conclusion that the unravelling of crime is a magnificent profession, and that you have no talent for it at all.

"The Mount and the City of Autun" (Seeley), by the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, is not merely a new edition. The description of the Mount is an unpublished portion of "Round My House," omitted because it ran to a length that made it unsuitable for inclusion in the book. The part relating to the City is made out of four papers contributed to the *Portfolio* in 1882, and not till now republished. Both portions were worth while issuing in book form; they are interesting in themselves, and very characteristic of their writer, of his love of unconventional life, of life in the open, his very serious delight in beauty, his habit of instruction, and his detestation of the manners of tourists. The Mount is Mount Beuvray, a massive hill to the west of the Valley of Autun, about ten miles from Hamerton's dwelling. In his expeditions there, artistic and archaeological, his companion was an antiquary of Autun, and had built huts on the top for their accommodation during their study of the Roman and Gaulish remains. In such surroundings he felt again, he says, the happiness of his old camp in the Highlands, and his description of his walks by night or in the dawn, and his vivid references to the legends of the place, all reflect the keen enjoyment he got out of these serious-minded holidays. A portrait of Hamerton, from a photograph taken when he was writing "Round My House," appears by way of frontispiece.

Mr. Cope Cornford deserves a hearty recognition for the excellent work he has put into his two adventure stories "Captain Jacobus" and "The Master Beggars." The latter, published recently by Messrs. Dent, is a tale of the time of Alva, and its heroes are the famous Gueux and a certain young Brother Hilarion, who cast off his frock and joined them for love of stirring life and likewise of a fair lady. It is a good story, and should not be confounded with the common ruck of historical romances, for Mr. Cornford is a humorist and an artist, and uses no cheap material, though he must know that cheap stuff is accepted and paid for quite willingly by an amiable and unfastidious public.



*And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the door!*

*You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."*

—FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF "THE RUBÁIYÁT."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK AT HOME AND AT WORK.

When the weather is pleasant round York and the quiet lanes about Bishopthorpe are not too deep in mud, a venerable horseman, in severely clerical garb, may sometimes be seen riding at ease between the hedge-rows, a preoccupied look on his face, yet with thoughtful regard for the handsome cob on which he is mounted. A glance will satisfy you that he sympathises with the Yorkshireman's predilection for a good horse, but what will probably strike you most is the plain indication afforded of his rank. He is none other than the Archbishop of the Northern Province, the eighty-eighth occupant of the Chair of Paulinus, and one of the ablest administrators on the Episcopal Bench. His Grace has a strong sense of the dignity of his high office. That, however, does not prevent him seeking healthful recreation in the saddle, and there is no reason why it should. No bishop works harder than he, no prelate has so extensive a diocese.

The area under Dr. Maclagan's spiritual care measures little short of four thousand square miles, and it embraces a population of something like a million and a half, with nearly a thousand clergymen to look after them. But, apart from the oversight of such a diocese, there are the special duties of the Archiepiscopate to be taken into consideration.

the prominent position he has occupied in later years. Some of the younger parsons vote him too severe, but they cannot quarrel with his sincerity or resist his somewhat fascinating personality. His *dicta* concerning curates are well known. One rule forbids the preaching of an original sermon by a deacon more than once a month, and then it must "be sent to the Bishop for inspection." This common-sense notion has even secured the approval of Mr. Labouchere, a circumstance which his Grace might set off against the epithet of "episcopal martinet" once applied to him by the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

High Churchman as he is, Dr. Maclagan is by no means devoid of tolerance. He has lately been rather severely taken to task by a section of the Evangelical school in the southern part of the diocese for an appointment he there made, but those who know him best are well assured that he is far superior to the suspicions that engendered the outburst. His charity towards Nonconformists has been displayed on two notable occasions—once at Lichfield, and again, about eighteen months ago, at York, when he invited the Nonconformist ministers of the diocese to his palace for social intercourse and private worship. The action was a graceful one, and it was richly esteemed by his guests. Bishopthorpe, where the Archbishop resides, is situated about two miles from York city walls. The palace has few noteworthy architectural features, and is mainly interesting on account of its having been the home of the Archbishops of York for several centuries. A charming pleasure surrounds



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S PALACE, BISHOPTHORPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

He must be a very strong man who would conscientiously perform the laborious work expected from a Metropolitan. This, indeed, was the feeling of a great many people when, at the age of sixty-five, Dr. Maclagan was transferred from Lichfield six years ago. Yet, in spite of an apparent lack of robustness in health, he has shown himself fully capable of fulfilling the task he undertook. True, he owes much to his two able sons, but the mere fact that he has already officiated in every church in the diocese—in some of them more than once—and held confirmations in the larger proportion, besides attending to the thousand-and-one regular calls upon an Archbishop's time, says a great deal for his constitution and energy.

As an administrator, the present Archbishop of York is *facile princeps*. It was the same when he was Bishop of Lichfield. There his first ten years' rule was marked by singular activity. He became famous not only as a divine, but as a leader of men. None of his reverend brethren could help being impressed by the lofty ideals he set up. When he left the diocese he had made himself acquainted with every corner of it. More than that, he had successfully instituted new methods through which the interests of the Church have since appreciably advanced. It is but natural to suppose that the Presbyterianism amid which his childhood was spent and his early associations with the Army have had their effect upon his character. His five years' service in India as a subaltern, after he had attained his majority, no doubt helped largely to build up that strength of will which makes him to-day so pronounced a disciplinarian, while his long experience both as a curate and as a parish priest in London unmistakably fitted him for

it, and the River Ouse runs close by. The lady who presides over the Bishopthorpe household is just the ideal that one would create for an indefatigable worker like Dr. Maclagan. Sympathetic to a degree, the Hon. Mrs. Maclagan—she is a sister of Lord Barrington—is not only the valued helpmate of her distinguished husband, but her counsel and influence are frequently at the disposal of her suffering sisters, in whose moral and material welfare she takes a keen practical interest.

As a preacher, the Archbishop of York is neither so eloquent as the silver-tongued Bishop of Ripon nor so vigorous as his immediate predecessor in the Chair of Paulinus—Dr. Magee. Nevertheless, he is the possessor of a style which irresistibly fixes one's attention, and the musical modulations of his voice make the subject-matter doubly impressive. Those who find his features hard and solemn need to know something of the responsibility of an Archbishop. If Dr. Maclagan appears to take life seriously, surely it must be because he realises the importance of his charge. One must meet him in private life to know how genial he can be. He is, by the way, an amateur musician of no mean calibre, and to his skill in that direction he unites the gift of a hymn-writer. Several of the hymns and tunes in the "Hymns Ancient and Modern" are from his pen.

The latest movement in which the Archbishop has taken the leading part is a proposal to carve two new dioceses out of the Diocese of York—one in the northern part of the county and the other in the south. He has appealed first to Sheffield, and his estimate of the sum required to furnish an income for a bishop in that city is forty thousand pounds. That matter is still under consideration.

W. H. S.

"TALES OF LANGUEDOC."

Mr. Samuel Jacques Brun is to be congratulated on the charming fashion in which he has gathered together and translated his "Tales of Languedoc," which Mr. William Doxey at San Francisco has published, with illustrations by Mr. E. C. Peixotto. Provincial, and especially

he went along, managed to gather a story in each place, large or small, at which he stayed awhile.

To the lovers of the Provençal school this unpretentious story-book, again, will prove of considerable interest, for, like Gras' admirable "Reds of the Midi," it throws a vivid sidelight on that curious, little-known race of French Latins, who have even now shown that they possessed the vigour to produce a fresh and strong literature of their



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

Southern France teems with curious legends, and scarce a village but could make an addition to the folk-lore of the world. The writer took down many of these quaint tales and legends from the lips of his French grandfather, and he has been peculiarly happy in his rendering of the spirit of the language in which they were told to him. Even the most unimaginative child must learn something not only of French history, but also of French geography, while reading of the manifold and interesting adventures of this true "Compagnon du Tour de France," who, as

own, and among whose sons French literature has discovered such writers as a Mistral and a Daudet.

Each of the thirty stories has been excellently illustrated by Mr. E. C. Peixotto, who is evidently familiar with the beautiful and typical scenery of Languedoc. Mr. Doxey is also to be much commended for the very thorough fashion in which he has carried out his share of the work, for the print is large and clear, and the paper excellent. Altogether, it is a book to be acquired.

THE DUMPIES

FRANK YER-BECK,
ARTIST
NATHANIEL BIGELOW PAINE,
HISTORIAN.

[Copyrighted by The Sketch]



One morning Wiseacre came before the Dumpling with a long face. "What troubles my good Wiseacre?" inquired the monarch anxiously.

"I fear, your Majesty, that our people are dissatisfied," was the grave reply.

Being further questioned, he said there was much complaint among the Dumpies and their new friends about their food—that they had grown very tired of having the same things over and over again, and that even



ice-cream and cocoanut-pie had been served out to them so often that the very sight of these dainties was likely at any time to cause a war.

So Sugar-lumps, the Royal Caterer, was at once summoned, and, after reflecting deeply, advised a taffy-pull as affording a new and pleasant diversion as well as a fresh and wholesome article of diet.

"This is excellent!" said the Dumpling. "Let it be ordered for to-night."

Early that afternoon the Rabbit and Sir 'Possum took a long walk together. What came of it has been related by the Poet Omelette—

These rascals planned full long indeed,
In dim and quiet places,
With eager looks of cunning greed
Upon their smiling faces.



"They boil the stuff an hour or so,"
At last remarked the Rabbit,
"And put it out to cool, you know,
And then is when we'll nab it."

"Of course, 'twill cause a lot of fuss,
And, when we've safely hid it,
If they should blame it on to us,
We'll vow the Bear-cubs did it."

"And when they all have gone to bed
We'll eat it at our leisure."
"Ah, yes," the smiling 'Possum said,
"I'll join that feast with pleasure."

The hours went by—the evening came—
The Dumpies met together;
The taffy bubbled on the flame,
And it was April weather.

And then they poured it into pans
And set it out to harden,
And while they waited, all joined hands
And danced the Dolly Varden.

TAFFY

PULLING AND
TREACHERY

Sir 'Possum giggled. "Now's our chance!"

He whispered to the Rabbit,
And, slipping from the merry dance,
They hurried forth to grab it.

Alas! the trades of knave and fool
Should never go together—
The taffy was not nearly cool,
For it was April weather.

And when they seized, with eager haste,
The mass of sticky sweetness,
In sugared limbo they were placed
With great despatch and neatness.

At first they hauled it round and round,
Then pulled which way and t'other,
But, lo! that sticky mass, they found,
Stayed with them like a brother!

And soon the Dumpies heard the fuss
And hastened from their pleasure,
To gaze upon the frightful muss
And mourn their wasted treasure

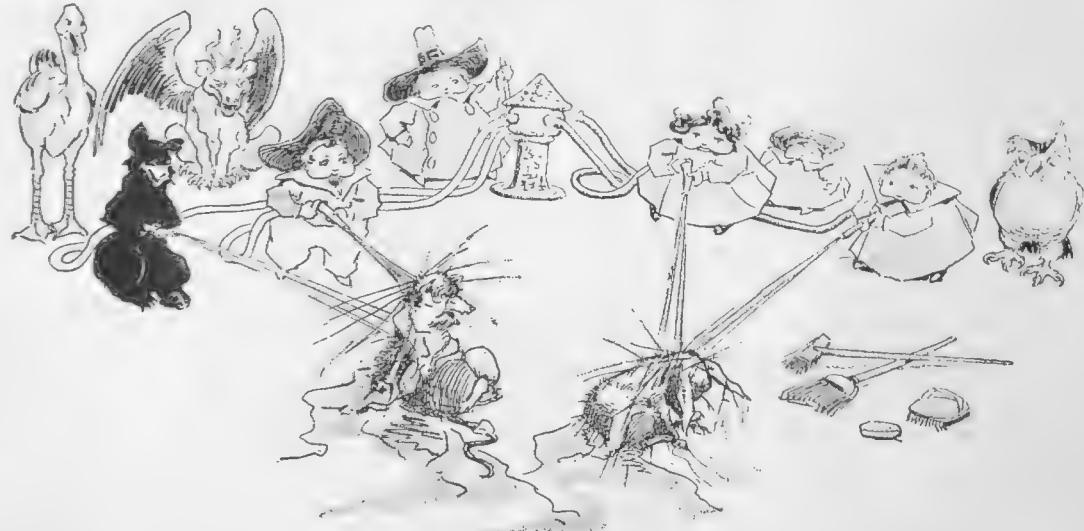


And all did view the sinful two,
Sir 'Possum and the Rabbit,
And said, "Alas! what shall we do
To break them of their habit?"

And when the King beheld the mess,
He cried, "A thorough scrubbing
Those two shall have, and then, I guess,
A still more thorough drubbing."

At this the Rabbit howled dismally, while Sir 'Possum, seeing there was nothing else to do, fainted, and even when they were deluged first with warm water and then with cold, and scrubbed vigorously with mops and brooms, he did not recover. When they were fairly clean again, they looked so forlorn that the Dumpling stopped further punishment out of pity. Then the 'Possum came out of his faint at once.

"That was the most sweetly unpleasant affair I ever got mixed up in," he said to the Rabbit as they stole away together.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



[Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.—C. MacIVER GRIERSON.

*And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings.—MOORE.*

ART NOTES.

The Guildhall Exhibition of Art, which practically represents pictorially the whole of Queen Victoria's reign, is astonishingly successful, and, within certain limits, astonishingly complete. It is, perhaps, a pity that Mr. Whistler should not have been represented here, seeing that he looms as by far the most important artistic figure of the last ten years in England. The organisers of the show appear to suppose that the last genuine movement in the art of this country was initiated by the Newlyn school, and it is accordingly with the rise of that interesting school that they more or less stop short. At the same time, this limit being asserted, the exhibition may be described as absolutely brilliant.

It stretches from Constable, on the one side, to Stanhope Forbes on the other, and more or less gathers up the great artists that have arisen during that interval. The most amazing fact, perhaps, of the exhibition is its demonstration that, of all the painters of that long period, the man who shines forth as the greatest imaginative artist, beyond all question, is Rossetti. That fact is all the more brilliantly impressive because this is a period in which many great painters have essayed

less you like the result. This determined brilliancy of detail only serves to make the canvas glare with the greater unreality. Were there ever such boys as these? Was there ever such a morning? Does life, in fact, meet the eye of Mr. Holman Hunt thus stiffened, oppressive, and painfully complete? It is not easy to answer that last question; but it may be taken for granted that, if life does so appear to the artist, he stands outside the common experiences of men in a deplorable isolation.

Cecil Lawson, that young artist who appeals to one so pathetically as the begetter of hopes sadly unfulfilled, is also represented at the Guildhall, but not so splendidly as he is in the National Gallery. It is difficult to guess what Cecil Lawson would have developed into as an artist; one only knows that, with the record he has left to the world, it must needs have been something great. Here, too, is that famous Sargent of a few seasons back, "Portrait of Mrs. Hammersley," a work of amazing talent and of radiant vitality. It amply deserves all that largess of praise which it received at the time that it first sprang brilliantly into fame; but, great as it is, it scarcely equals for solid artistic value the same artist's "Carmencita," which probably represents Mr. Sargent at the summit of his pictorial achievement.



RUMPELSTILTZCHEN (GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES).—HENRY M. RHEAM.
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

works that depend for their essential merit upon pure imaginativeness. Even Burne-Jones, it is not too much to say, pales before the effectual splendours of the poet-artist. It is impossible to better Mr. Stevenson's language of admiration in connection with "The Beloved." "Everything near it," he declares, "looks, by comparison, ugly, harsh, or empty of feeling, especially those canvases that were painted by Rossetti's contemporaries. Beside it the Burne-Jones, 'The Bath of Venus,' becomes a dull pattern in muds; the Holman Hunt, 'May Morning on Magdalen Tower, Oxford,' a quaint, primitive labour in coloured tin and glass. To leave 'The Beloved' and turn to the rest is like leaving the warmth and luxury of a beautiful room for the noisy vulgarity of a Bank Holiday on a nipping Easter day." That is high praise; but it is impossible, in a visit to the gallery, not to feel its justice.

The example of Holman Hunt's art of which Mr. Stevenson speaks is probably the most characteristic work of that stiffly conscientious painter, as it is assuredly among the most grotesque. It makes you feel with a conviction that is unshakeable that, bold and sincere in his theories as Mr. Holman Hunt has been, the fact that his theories are impossible to sustain makes his boldness and his sincerity only the more regrettable. In a word, the more uncompromising his actions the

Grimm's story of Rumpelstiltskin is certainly among the most fanciful and delightful of the fantasies of the famous German brothers, and Mr. Henry Rheam, R.I., in his drawing of an episode in that narrative, reproduced on this page, has caught the spirit of the narrator with skill, humour, and just a touch of pathos. The dwarf with the unguessable name is there, wooden leg and the rest, alive, restless, a trifle cruel, but eager and suggestive, as he makes his proposal. The face of the girl is finely imagined, but her posture is, perhaps, less successfully realised. The composition is simple, but complete, and the whole thing has about it a peculiar glow of life. The work, it may be added, is exhibited in the Gallery of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

In his picture, "The Origin of the Harp," reproduced in these pages, Mr. C. MacIver Grierson has given a pictorial representation of Moore's celebrated lines, and he has been more successful, perhaps, in begetting a simple work of the imagination than in indicating anything very harp-like about the attitude of the seated damsels who catches the ends of her tresses between her fingers. Still, there is the suggestion, and Mr. Grierson has succeeded in producing a singularly beautiful composition. The water is painted with boldness and firmness, and the lines of the nude figure are tender and convincing.

A MODEL TENNIS-COURT.

Tennis has been played in England in more or less its present form for upwards of four hundred years, and though when people were more leisured than they are now it enjoyed a wider circle of patronage than at present, it has always had its band of devotees for whom it



THE TENNIS-COURT.

has been *the* game. It is of French origin, and it was in France that it attained to its greatest popularity. Charles V. was an enthusiastic player, and at one time there were, it is said, over eighteen hundred courts in Paris alone; but probably most of these were of an elementary order. In our own country Henry VIII. was the first royal patron; in his reign there existed a covered court at Richmond and fourteen others in London, while the famous one at Hampton Court, which still exists, though partially rebuilt and altered, was built by him after 1526.

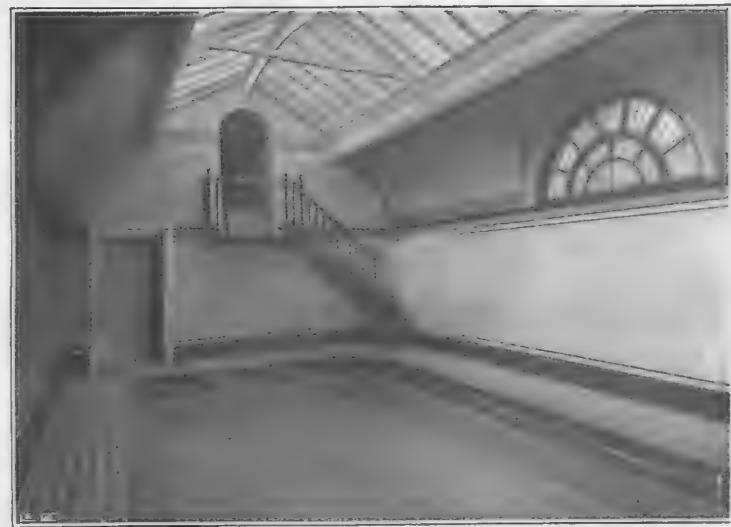
In later days, Charles I., when Duke of York, used frequently to enjoy a game—in fact, we hear of his making an appointment in 1619 to play in a court in St. James's Palace at 6 a.m., a mark of the early-rising habits of those days. Pepys, the diarist, refers to Charles I. playing in a court in St. James's Street, Haymarket, which was destroyed as recently as 1866. The Civil Wars made a check in the progress of tennis, however, and the Hanoverian line has done little to restore the game, though the precise causes of its general decline are difficult to determine. It seems as though athletic exercises were at a gradually increasing discount in the eighteenth century, and by the beginning of the Victorian era many of the courts had been done away with.

Recent years, however, have seen the building of several excellent courts, and, in common with other games, it has been systematised, its rules have been codified, and regular championship matches have been established. But even yet the restoration of the old game has to cope with many prejudices, in most cases the result of ignorance. It is not unfrequently spoken of by ladies as "that silly game you play in a house." It is not quite such an obvious game as lawn-tennis, which has borrowed most of its easier terms and strokes, and the *matériel* cannot be said to be within the reach of any but the fairly well-to-do. The lawn game requires, besides balls and racquets, little more than a corner of the village-green, a piece of fishing-net, and a pound of whitening, while the indoor game is played in a court the cost of which, at a modest computation, must be at least two thousand pounds. But, then, its votaries claim that it is an essentially different game. There is infinite room for skill, nothing is left to accident, the court is as true as a billiard-table, there are numberless hazards and varieties of play, there are no stoppages, it is almost impossible to lounge through a game, and "brains" tell rather more than in any other game. It is said of a well-

known athlete and member of Parliament that, as he was scoring game after game over an excellent player, a marker observed in explanation of his success, "Ah! you see, Mr. X. starts with a half-thirty better head."

Tennis is usually played in a covered court from 100 to 112 feet long by 35 to 40 feet wide, and it is floored preferably with stone. At the service-end there is a network opening showing on an anteroom (the "dedans") for spectators; on the right side of the server is a blank wall, which on the "hazard" or striker-out's side projects a little way into the court, forming a slanting surface (the "tambour"), and then finishes parallel with the rest. On his left-hand run galleries, also netted, with the entrance-door in the middle by the play-net. At a height of about ten feet the side-wall slants backward, forming the "pent-house," which, starting over the "dedans," runs round three sides and terminates at the striker-out's left-hand corner. It is on to this slope that the server plays the ball, which must rebound into a limited part of the hazard court. The duty of the striker-out is to return the ball into the "dedans" net, into the galleries, or into the court in such a manner as to be unreturnable. It will be seen that the "dedans" offers a very fair mark for the striker-out, but he, too, has a weakness in his own back wall in the "grille," which resembles a board about two feet square let into the wall at the depth of a foot or so, and is said to be a survival of the buttery-hatch of earlier times. The scoring is much the same as in lawn-tennis, with the exception of the "chases." If either player does not return a ball, but allows it to "fall" within the court by accident or design, the marker notices the spot, being aided by "chase-lines" at measured distances from the end wall, and calls a "chase" at that spot. This has to be played for when the players cross over—that is, when either has scored forty or two chases have been called. The former striker-out now serves, and has to defend all returns coming within the chase-line and the end wall.

Several new courts have been erected in recent years, one of the most completely fitted and beautiful courts being that of Mr. Samuel Heilbut, at Holyport, near Maidenhead. It was planned by Mr. C. J. Mann, of Great George Street, Westminster, who has had considerable



THE SWIMMING-BATH.

experience in designing courts, it took upwards of a year to build, and was ready for play in April 1890. The dimensions, 111 ft. by 38 ft. 8 in., are similar to those of the M.C.C. court at Lord's.

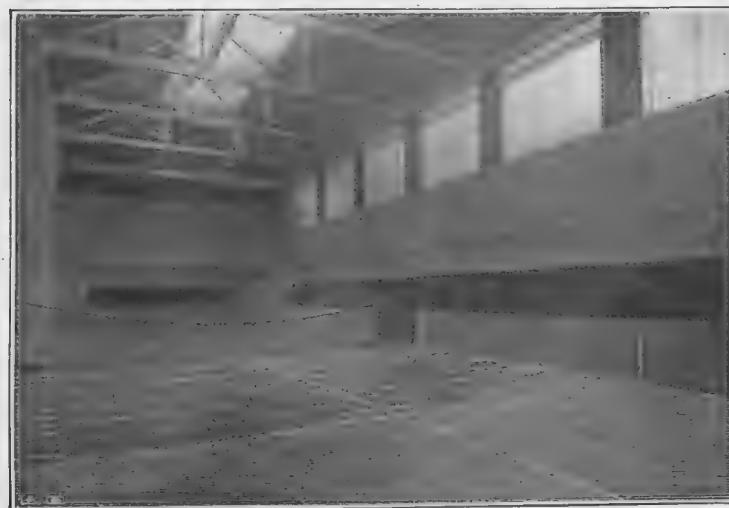
The floor, which is one of the most important features, and must combine inelasticity with a certain amount of roughness, is in this court of blur lias-stone from Warwickshire, each stone being bedded in brick which is laid on concrete. The surface is stained dark with a composition of bullocks' blood, and the walls and pent-houses are cemented or painted black, to render the white balls fully visible. The balls, it may be remarked, are not hollow, as are those used in lawn-tennis, but are made of layers of cloth, each layer being closely bound with string, and the whole beaten in a mould till it is round, when it is encased in its white felt cover. In the photograph, which is taken from the back of the hazard-side, a fair view is given of the lighting arrangements in the roof and sides.

The side windows are of ground glass, ten feet in height, and the spaces between them are filled with cocoanut matting, which helps to deaden all noise. Behind the "dedans," which is a tastefully furnished room, some twenty feet deep, are the dressing-rooms and an extensive swimming-bath, the bright-blue tiles of which convey a pleasant illusion of sea-bathing.

The view of the outside shows how much may be done to make the usually dull exterior of a tennis-court attractive, and at this season the grass surrounding it is thick with daffodils, while the almond-trees are in full bloom.

Since the court was opened most of the leading players have had a set or two in it. In July of 1892 Mr. A. J. Balfour encountered Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who ceded thirty, and after a protracted contest they had to rest content at two sets all.

Mr. Heilbut is always willing to lend his court to amateurs, and he has a very obliging marker in Webb, who was formerly at the Oxford court, and is an exceptionally good coach.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR FROM THE HAZARD SIDE.

WOMAN AS A GOLFER.

Those who sneer at ladies' golf as reckless croquet ought to have seen the play which took place at the open competition at the Ranelagh Club's links, Barn Elms, last week. In the driving competition Miss Walker sent a ball one hundred and sixty-five yards. There are many swaggering, knickerbockered young men who would boast for a month of their performance if they drove a ball that length. Of course, every good player knows that clean hitting and an easy swing are of more account than brute force. At the Ranelagh Club competition the prize for the best scratch score during the two days' play was won by Mrs. Ryder Richardson, who did the eighteen holes in seventy-nine strokes. That also would have been a capital performance—even for a man. The truth is that ladies have amply proved their fitness for the royal and ancient game of which the Scotch are naturally so proud. It brings health and pleasure to the fair sex, and, on the whole, they have exercised a good influence on the sport, which is now as fashionable on the one side of the Border as on the other.

A year or two ago one used to hear the prediction that cycling would drive golf out of the ladies' minds. This has not proved to be the

WOMAN AS A HOCKEY-PLAYER.

Some ten years ago football suddenly took a new lease of life—that is to say, it leapt into active existence. Almost instantly ladies tried to play the game—and failed, as the young ladies of Meath more recently failed when they endeavoured to play polo. Quite lately, comparatively speaking, the game of hockey has come to the front. Ladies have now adopted the new pastime, and this time success has crowned their efforts. In Ireland especially, where every girl is born a sportswoman—the bull may pass on this occasion—hockey has fairly romped ahead as a national pastime, and the exciting final tie, Dundrum *v.* Merton, for the Ladies' Senior Cup, that has just been played at Silver Park, Stillorgan, attracted an immense crowd of spectators. From first to last the play of both teams was of the highest order, and called forth rounds of applause. Certainly our Irish cousins are not lacking in the peculiar, indefinable quality commonly called "grit." At the beginning of the game the teams seemed to be evenly matched, but subsequent events showed that the Merton combination was the stronger of the two, and Merton ultimately won the tie by six goals to one. Four of these were obtained by Miss Obre, two by Miss Christie, while Miss Barrington scored for Dundrum.



THE LADY GOLFERS AT RANELAGH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THIELE AND CO., CHANCERY LANE.

case. It is possible that, if cycling had not become so popular, there would have been more ladies' golf clubs than at present. On the other hand, the bicycle has encouraged many youthful members of the fair sex to persevere with the other sport. It has enabled them to reach the golfing-grounds with comparative celerity and comfort. They have not, it must be remembered, so wide a choice of links as the male sex. Some of the leading clubs have resolutely closed their grounds against ladies. At Furzedown, for instance, they are not allowed to play. When the question came before the great Tooting club, objection was taken to the admission of ladies as players, on the pretext that they would introduce too much of a garden-party element. This has undoubtedly proved the case on some occasions. There are some young ladies who use the game merely as a means of displaying pretty clothes and pretty attitudes. Their admirers act as amateur caddies, and with the cleek or the putter they pass a compliment. Fortunately for the sake of the game, such incidents are only exceptions to the rule. Many ladies take part in the game in a sportsmanlike—or, if you please, a sportswomanlike—spirit. They expect no undue advantage from a competitor of the other sex, and certainly they give none. It was as genuine golfers that the ladies took part in last week's interesting competitions at Barn Elms, which, in spite of the unpropitious weather, were carried out most successfully.

Whether the popularity of hockey will continue to increase it is at present impossible to foretell, but everything indicates a likelihood of its doing so. For instance, in Canada the game is annually becoming more and more fashionable among English ladies and Canadian ladies alike—fashionable in the best sense of the word. In Toronto, in Kingston, and in Hamilton, in short, in every town in which the game can be played, it is played, and played on the ice. So enthusiastic, indeed, had many Canadian ladies become at about Christmas-time that two clubs seriously thought of sending a challenge to the lady hockey-players of Great Britain and Ireland—a challenge that would, no doubt, have been eagerly accepted by the ladies whose portraits we now reproduce. Hockey in winter and cycling in summer are the pastimes likely to remain in vogue in certain circles, at any rate, for the next few years, and probably until some amusement more exciting has supplanted the former and the motor-car has ousted the latter. In several parts of England, however, plans for forming fresh clubs are already being talked about, and these clubs will be organised before the leaves of autumn begin to fall. Let us hope that success will attend the new ventures, and that none of the members will find it necessary for "all ladies who have any self-respect" to send in their resignation after the manner of seventeen members of a ladies' more or less sporting organisation the name of which need not be mentioned here.

LADY HOCKEY-PLAYERS.

Photographs by J. Robinson and Son, Dublin.

THE DUNDREUM TEAM.



THE MERTON TEAM.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

ALIVE AGAIN.*

Miss Marie Corelli's new book is partly narrative and mostly assertive. She has woven a romance around the doctrine of reincarnation as most recently interpreted, and has, at the same time, taken the opportunity to point out to her unhappy fellow-creatures the grievous error of their ways. The hatchet of war is dug up in the first pages of the opening chapter, where that apparently misguided person, the "Cook's Tourist," is mercilessly pounded into minute fragments. For a "Cook's Tour" is evidently not good enough for Miss Corelli, the development of her narrative suggesting that nothing short of a Maskelyne and Cooke's tour can satisfy her longings after the mysterious and magical.

The heroine of the book, Ziska, is a somewhat tardy reincarnation of a dancing-girl of ancient Egypt, while the nearest approach to a hero is a *fin-de-siècle* Parisian artist named Gervase, who, in his turn, is a reincarnation of the dancing-girl's lover, he having, in his former state, been her murderer as well—a combination of attributes that was, however, not necessarily essential to earthly happiness even in ancient Egypt. The old affinity of the two souls reasserts itself in modern Cairo with a



Drawn by S. H. Sime.

very choice emphasis, and, after a variety of conjuring tricks—located, however, in Egypt itself instead of the Egyptian Hall—the chief persons concerned go and die inside the Great Pyramid, while "wavering ghosts" and "living luminances" tumble over each other in the scramble for the released souls with all the energy of the noble red-man on a scalp-hunt. After which it is pleasant to read that "the curse is lifted." I am bound to say I thought myself it was time something went up.

The great portion of the book is, however, taken up with the earnest efforts of the authoress to help the world on to its feet, as it were. Beginning her lesson in a severely critical vein, Miss Corelli drops with one fell swoop upon the lady cyclist and squelches her victim in a couple of lines, though one may perhaps be forgiven for opining that cycling as a pastime is healthier than the evolving of crude ideas of a morbid and frequently revolting nature. The amateur photographer is unceremoniously objurgated off the board in two words; while critics are, naturally, *anathema maranatha*, they and their works being loftily dismissed with a casual reference to "the usual hee-hawing from the donkeys in the literary pasture." Doubtless, the critics would have received a still more severe handling if Miss Corelli had not set up another journalistic target for her literary brickbats. This is a newspaper editor and proprietor who has had the misfortune to be knighted, a conclusive proof, in the eyes of the authoress, of his general moral obliquity. No opportunity is missed of verbally assaulting this unhappy person, and, when the authoress is apparently satisfied that he has taken all the punishment he can do with for the moment, she has a go at his wife and family, and holds them up to unsparing ridicule with a very lofty scorn.

Having thus let fly indiscriminately, and given both sexes a taste of her quality, Miss Corelli settles down to a steady course of vituperation

directed against mere Man. Commencing with a little preliminary hitting in derision of Bond Street fashions, she scoffs at his inability to comprehend the meaning of true affection with all the fervour and bitterness of a school-girl crossed in love for the second time. She finds a justification for the Evolution theory in his "ape-like" attributes, though her researches in that attractive field of science do not seem to have enabled her to understand where Law ends and Volition begins. And then comes the crushing and relentless assertion, designed, apparently, to annihilate the miserable creature beyond recall: "No ape, no baboon hanging by its tail to a tree, looks such a fool as a man-fool." Which, of course, settles it. I am only sorry to have to point out that the baboon is not given to hanging by its tail from a tree, or from anything else, because it is not built that way, belonging, as it does, and as so omniscient a writer should surely have known, to the order of the *Cynomorpha*, or dog-like apes, constructed to scamper on all-fours rather than to attempt the very acrobatic feat of hanging from trees by a tail that isn't large enough to sit on.

But, after all, the main purpose of the book appears to have been the conversion of constant readers to Miss Corelli's particular religious creed. Just what that creed is, however, the book itself does not seem in any great hurry to define. There is a free-and-easy fusion of Esoteric Buddhism and up-to-date Theosophy, coupled with a judicious spicing of Dr. Joseph Parker at irregular intervals along the line; but the proportions in which the ingredients have to be mixed to produce the most satisfactory results have been unaccountably omitted from the recipe. Now and again it looks as if land were in sight, *ainsi parler*, as when Ziska explains that one of the chief tenets of her creed is "the eternal immortality of each individual soul"; but, as there is no glossary bound up with each volume, we have no means of interpreting this rather vague revelation. It seems to me that if immortality is not eternal, it is not immortality. As regards the marked reference to the "individual" soul, we get a clue to Miss Corelli's meaning in her statement that "the soul begins in protoplasm without conscious individuality." Seeing, however, that protoplasm is obviously homogeneous, and individuality of any kind, physical or psychical, is consequently inconceivable until the dissipation of the protoplasm into heterogeneity has been effected by the course of evolution, there arises the disquieting suspicion that Miss Corelli's "words of learned length and thund'ring sound" have been resorted to as an effective substitute for the banging of the big drum outside the show. Whatever her creed may narrow itself down to finally, however, the one point that stands out most obtrusively is that its prime essentials are a very small Heaven and a very large Hell.

It is impossible to deny the literary merit of the narrative in parts. If it may be overlooked that French realism is repudiated on one page and adopted on the next, the bolder passages of the book must be regarded as distinctly creditable workmanship; and the description of Ziska's voluptuous dance before her horrified guests might favourably compare with the notice of an Alhambra ballet in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Then there is Dr. Maxwell Dean, upon whom is imposed the arduous task of expounding a somewhat incoherent theory of death after life. On page 186 the worthy Doctor "never smoked," but on page 276 he "chose a cigar from a silver box on the table." It is a little difficult, however, to see what use a man who never smoked can have for a cigar. It can scarcely be possible that the authoress is cruel enough to let a man of his years make his very first attempt at smoking with a cigar out of a silver box. Yet it must be regretfully owned that the looseness of the Doctor's subsequent arguments suggests that he must have been tampered with in some way before rising to address the crowd. I hesitate to question the quality of the cigars supplied by Ziska to her guests; but it is a strange coincidence that Gervase also had one of those debilitating weeds and soon afterwards lost his ability to differentiate between Matter and Spirit. He expressed himself, in effect, as willing to believe that his Spirit may have enjoyed a conscious earthly existence previously, because "many scientists argue that you cannot destroy Matter," an example of *non sequitur* as charming as that of the historical old lady who plaintively remarked, "No wonder they call this place Stony Stratford, for I was never so bitten by fleas in my life!"

But though it may appear from a perusal of "Ziska" that there are one or two sources of information from which Miss Corelli may yet add usefully to the wonderful store of learning she believes herself to possess, it cannot be denied that she has a peculiarly subtle and comprehensive knowledge of the class that forms the majority of her readers, for at one stage of her book she apparently considers it necessary to explain certain topographical details "for the benefit of those among the untravelled English who have not yet broken a soda-water bottle against the Sphinx or eaten sandwiches to the immortal memory of Cheops." Though, to be sure, this abrupt way of sizing-up one's public is a little severe.—A. G.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

* "Ziska: The Problem of a Wicked Soul." By Marie Corelli. London: Sampson, Marshall. 1897.

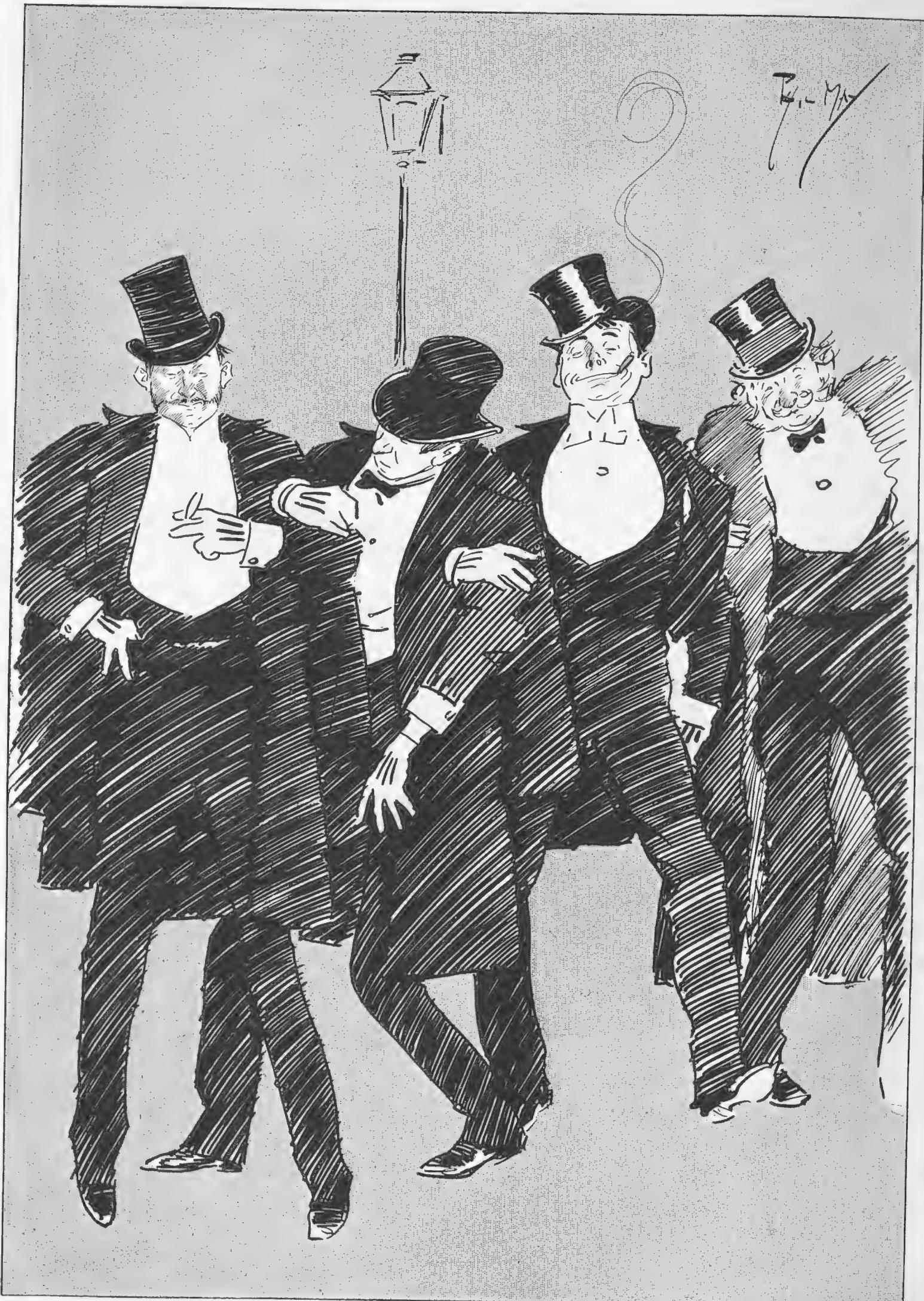
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TOO GREAT A RISK.

THE SQUIRE: By the way, Giles, I haven't seen you at church for some time; anything the matter?

GILES: Wull, Sir, it be like this. Last time as I went I 'ad a penny an' a two-shilling piece in my pocket; by mistake I put the two-shilling piece in the plate; an', wull, I shouldn't like it to happen again, Sir.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS—UP TO DATE.

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GREATER BRITAIN.



AUSTRALIA.



AFRICA.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LXVII.—THE "LONDRA-ROMA" AND PROFESSOR RAVA.

From his office at the corner of Mount Pleasant, within a few yards of gloomy Pentonville, Professor Rava keeps watchful eye over the interests of the Italian Colony in London and in all its provincial abodes. Nearly nine years ago he came from Northern Italy, where the summers were

too hot and the winters too cold for a delicate constitution, and in our much-despised London, with its fog and rain, found an ideal climate. He arrived with the intention of devoting himself to teaching English, French, and Italian, and acting as correspondent to certain Italian papers; but friends persuaded him to start a weekly paper in the interests of Italians in London, and of this persuasion the *Londra-Roma* is the result.

"My paper has no politics," said Professor Rava to a representative of *The Sketch*, "though in times of a grave political crisis I usually express such opinions as the matter appears to warrant. I rather wish to keep my readers in touch

with the legislation and commercial arrangements that affect trade between England and Italy. If you will take up a copy of the paper you will see the numerous matters discussed are out of the political domain. Without someone to watch such Italian proceedings as are not matters of international moment, the Italian in London would lose touch with the homeland."

"How does the paper progress? Do you extend your *clientèle* to any great extent?"

The reply was straightforward and startling. "Very many Italians come over here," said the Professor, "without the ability to read at all; there are vast districts in Italy wherein men and women can neither read nor write. Perhaps I may say that all who can read take my paper, but the majority of the poorer new-comers can read nothing. Few people realise the work I do on the paper. I write everything, from the occasional polities to the book-reviews. I put all the paper in type, and have the formes ready for the printer to take to the machines. I publish on Saturday, and am often up and at work for the two preceding days and nights without being able to go to bed. You see, I have my teaching, my Italian correspondence, and my work in connection with various societies to perform, so that, if I never had an interruption, my time would be very completely occupied. As it is, I have constant interruptions of every sort. People fresh from Italy call here nearly every day for advice and assistance; they forget I am not the Consulate, and yet I can't turn them away without such help as I can give them. Consequently, much of my time is taken, and I am compelled to work until, when publishing is over, I sometimes collapse altogether. I do not speak by way of complaint, for work on the *Londra-Roma* is a labour of love."

"Have you any support from Italy itself, or is your circulation exclusively English?"

"I do not count many readers in Italy, except through the medium of the native papers, which quote me very fully when they are particularly interested in the subject of discussion. Recently I have been drawing the serious attention of Italians to the keen rivalry between Marseilles and Brindisi, and to the great strides made during the past year or more by the French port, which now sends ships direct to all parts, and is slowly, but surely, undermining the Brindisi shipping interest. My suggestions on the matter involving the development of the shipping facilities in another important coast town have been very popular, and have attracted widespread notice and attention."

"What do you regard as the most important function of the *Londra-Roma*?"

"The development of commercial relations between my country and yours," replied the Professor. "It is with this idea that I study commercial newspapers very diligently, and place before my clients all the possibilities of any branch of trade. Outside the social purposes of the paper, I have been enabled to develop the business schemes of many firms now dealing with Italy who might have gone into some other one of the world's markets without my suggestion. In the world of politics my scope would not be large enough to admit of intelligent interference, but in business there is more room, and perhaps as much utility."



PROFESSOR PIETRO RAVA.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Our friends of the Drama with the big "D" are still with us, and they are urging us, like all enthusiasts in this Year of Jubilee, to part with some of our surplus cash for their edification. We are to subscribe for the endowment of a New Century Theatre, which is to begin with the pleasing history of "John Gjærvæl Bjorkman" (it needs a few "j's" to look properly Norwegian), and one or two other translations, and eventually to produce English plays—or, indeed, anything that can be got for nothing. Personally, one has no objection to one's friends banging their sixpences on "The Master"; it keeps them out of mischief, and probably does less harm than pauperising the public by lavish charity. With Ibsen or any other dramatist of advanced views one has not been spending money to support plausible hypocrites; the actors and actresses who are eager to represent his pieces are obviously disinterested, for neither in cash nor in *kudos* do they reap any adequate reward; and he who subscribes to a theatre, Independent or New Century, will have a run for his money, if only a short one.

But the philosophical observer feels that here is a branch of public instruction that should be taken up by the State. Private enterprise ought not to have to work so didactic an organisation, any more than private enterprise should be left to run our opera. For the credit of the country, the existence of a national opera theatre should not be left to depend on the financial arrangements of a casual syndicate, but should be guaranteed by the nation itself. And I do not see why we should not have a theatre founded as a State laboratory, for trying dramatic experiments.

And, if we need some Governmental help in the matters of music and the drama, still more we need it in questions more narrowly known as artistic. We have considerable art-treasures here, in spite of past neglect; we have just received a priceless bequest. We have even some sort of a department that makes some sort of a pretence to teach some sort of art. But our need demands more than tentative dabblings. We must have a regular section of our Government devoted to art, literary, musical, dramatic, pictorial, and plastic, and we must have a Minister of Art at the head of the department.

Private enterprise is very well for many things, and it would be an ill day for Britain when the State took all responsibility for everything, and the business of each one of us became the business of all, and therefore of none. But private enterprise necessarily looks almost exclusively to speedy and tangible results. Few private persons will sacrifice their property to far-off and often merely intellectual results, and those who are ready to give up their possessions for the sake of art in the abstract have commonly no possessions to give up. The State must find money and work for the proper maintenance of art-treasures and stimulating of artistic production; for only the public purse can be depended on for an endowment independent of caprice, and only a public functionary would have the proper position for dealing with art.

And the Minister of Fine Art might be a permanent head of his department. His politics would not matter, so long as his views on painting were sound. He need not be a politician at all, and certainly should not be in Parliament. For art and elections do not harmonise, though art criticism is sometimes rather like election literature or election eggs, whence come libel actions. And there is commonly not more than one known and suitable person for an Art Minister in the United Kingdom; therefore, if there be such a person, he should be secured, regardless of party or expense, and maintained in office without consideration of his politics. In all probability he would belong to some extreme party, for he would need to have in a measure the artistic temperament, which is usually excessive in views. There are Parnellites who have a pretty taste in art and literature; I do not find such among the Dillonites. Our literary artists are either absolutely uninterested in politics, or belong to the Red Radicals or the Obsolete Tories. And our critics would probably follow the rule.

In the Drama, the Minister of Art would replace the Censor. He would perhaps be able to substitute his own rules for the present commandments which I conceive to govern the Censorship: (1) Thou shalt not mention the German Emperor; (2) Thou mayest be plain, not to say improper, in situation, but thy dialogue must not go beyond ambiguities. In Music, our Minister of Art would regulate and stimulate the National Opera, and in Art, our great collections would be properly housed and dealt with on one principle. Then perhaps we should become—not an artistic nation, for no nation ever was or will be artistic, but a nation recognising and organising art. Open competition is not an unalloyed blessing even in trade; in art it is a great curse. We are moving towards the Conscription, in spite of our peace enthusiasts; we are moving towards some forms of Protection, in spite of the late Cobden and his languishing Club; we are moving towards a State Opera House and a Minister of Fine Art.

Private enterprise is our fetish, as State regulation is that of the Continent. Each side is beginning to find out that its formula is far from being universally right.

MARMITON.

MISS ELLA RUSSELL.

Zurbriggen on the summit of Aconcagua must have felt (writes a *Sketch* representative) much as I felt, the other Saturday, on the top of the quaint old 'bus that plies between Swiss Cottage and Hendon. But I forgot the elevated chillinesses of my "North-West Discovery" in the warmth and cheeriness of the reception that awaited me at The Elms, the residence of Miss Ella Russell.



MISS ELLA RUSSELL.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

on another, "To the most charming Cleveland girl" is the superscription, and the signature "The both friends." Miss Russell has long ago forgiven her "two friends" in Lemberg for so maltreating the name of her native place and English grammar.

"Yes," said Miss Russell, "Cleveland, Ohio, is my birthplace." (I felt inclined to break out with that splendid rally, "Rah for the Buck-Eye State! Rah! Rah!") "But before I tell you anything about myself, you must come and see my house. If there is one thing I am proud of, it is my old oak."

As we were leaving the little room I caught sight, with the tail of my eye, of a certain notorious volume.

"You have been reading 'The Sorrows of—'?" I was beginning, when Miss Russell interrupted me.

"Oh, I admit it!" she cried cheerfully; "but I don't like it. I see several more questions in your eye. I am going to answer them, and you can arrange them to suit yourself. No, I do not 'bike,' and I don't like to see women on wheels. I do not believe in the New Woman: she does not exist, and if she did she'd be the Old one by this time. What do I like most? Music—first, second, and all the time; and next to music, animals; and next to animals—well, old oak."

And certainly Miss Russell possesses some fine specimens of it. The entrance-hall at The Elms is a collector's "joy for ever." The old-fashioned oak fireplace, the oak dado, the oak settee with panels after Teniers, the old French tapestry—but one might enumerate until the Tenth Commandment were in a thousand pieces. I followed Miss Russell over her charming house, admiring and coveting, until we came to the music-room, which Miss Russell has had specially designed and constructed for her. Here are busts of Wagner (an especial favourite of Miss Russell), Weber, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Verdi, and so on; and in the great bow-window is Mr. Marshall Wood's "Musidora," as presiding "genius of the grove."

"Now," said Miss Russell, "I'm going to let you hear the funniest duet in the world." And she went to the door and called "Paddy!"

A hurry-scurry of flying feet, and a wiry little Irish terrier shot into the room, conscious of his own importance. A lady friend sat down at the grand piano to accompany, and Miss Russell burst into Liszt's setting of the Lorelei. When she came to the impassioned *agitato*, Paddy sat bolt upright and lifted his voice in melody. He did not give vent to one prolonged note; no, he modulated his voice, he quavered *con espressione*, and, as the song came to its close, he soared to a dazzling *crescendo*. But I am afraid Paddy's "top-note" was drowned in shrieks of laughter.

When I had composed my features to a decent decorum, I said, "Now, please, I want to know something of your career. Tell me all the most interesting things."

"The most interesting thing," said Miss Russell, "is success, and I may say I have had a succession of successes. I began my career at home in Cleveland, at the Conservatoire, under Professor John Underner. But I left home quite young; Max Strakosch advised me to come to Europe. I went to Paris, and studied under Madame de la Grange, whose autograph photograph you see on the mantleshelf, beside that of my kind friend Mr. August Manns, of the Crystal Palace."

"Well, and your débüt?"

"It was in 'Il Trovatore'—Leonora—at Prato, in Tuscany. I did so well that soon afterwards I got engagements for Florence, Turin, and La Scala in Milan. That was in 1882. Afterwards I did the whole round of the Continent—Vienna, Paris, Buda-Pesth, Prague, Warsaw, Lemberg, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, and goodness only knows where. Yes, I love Continental audiences; they're not afraid of showing their appreciation, and you don't know how much that helps an artist."

Remembering ovations I had seen Miss Russell receive from London audiences, I asked, "Do you find the English unappreciative, then?"

"Oh, no, no—quite the contrary! But an English audience rarely loses itself. If you want to see overflowing enthusiasm you must go to Italy, Russia, Scotland, or Ireland."

"When did you make your first appearance in England?"

"In '86, when I appeared at Covent Garden under the direction of Signor Lago. And since then I have been busy with opera—a long spell with the Carl Rosa Company—or oratorio, all work, work, work. Do you know, my operatic répertoire is so long that I cannot count the items."

"You can tell me a few, perhaps," I said persuasively.

Miss Russell took a deep breath, and began: "'Il Trovatore,' 'Lucia,' 'Donna Linda di Chamounix,' 'Dinorah,' 'Puritani,' 'Ernani,' 'Aïda,' 'La Traviata,' 'Otello,' 'Les Huguenots,' Boïto's 'Mefistofele,' 'Lohengrin,' 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Tannhäuser,' 'The Barber of Seville,' 'Wilhelm Tell,' 'The Pearl-Fisher,' 'L'Amico Fritz,' 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' 'The Magic Flute,' 'The Marriage of Figaro,' 'Don Giovanni'—I warned you the list was a long one."

"And your list of oratorios?" I said.

"Oh, I'm not going to weary you with another catalogue. From 1888 to the present I have sung in oratorio almost everywhere all over the country. I made my first appearance at the Handel Festival in 1894, and I am re-engaged for this year's Festival."

"Among your many triumphs," I said, "is there any particular one you remember with especial pleasure?"

"Yes. I think the most delightful experience I ever had was when I went to Edinburgh three years ago to sing at a charity concert. After the concert the students of the University took the horses out of my carriage and drew me back to my hotel. Their enthusiasm did not stop there, for afterwards they presented me with a diamond bracelet, bearing the arms of Edinburgh University."

"But, now, what about your prospects for the future?"

"Well, in a couple of days I start for the States to undertake a cycle of Wagner rôles under Mr. Walter Damrosch. It is my first visit to the States since I left home. If you come here I'll let you see something."

Following Miss Russell to an adjoining room, I saw pile on pile of dresses to be worn by her during her American tour; but, as I do not profess to be an authority on matters feminine, I must leave them alone.



MISS ELLA RUSSELL AS ELISABETH IN "TANNHÄUSER."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

After I had made a tour of the grounds about The Elms, been introduced to Miss Russell's splendid St. Bernards, "Molly" and "Boris," and decorated with a red camellia by Miss Russell's own hands, I climbed once more to the top of Noah's Ark on wheels, while the charming American prima-donna stood at the entrance-gate and waved me a cordial farewell.

STAG-HUNTING.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

Men who can only snatch an occasional day with hounds like to meet a pack which can be depended on to give them a gallop. The "glorious uncertainty" of sport with foxhounds becomes distinctly inglorious when, after breakfasting at seven o'clock in town, you train down, say, to Leicestershire, and spend a wet day trotting from covert to covert which hounds draw in depressing silence; or, if they find a fox, scent proves so bad they cannot run him; or again, if they find and get away with their fox, you, on the wrong side of the wood, only find out they have gone twenty minutes afterwards. With staghounds these elements of incertitude are lacking; the quarry is brought to the meet, or rather, to the spot where he is to be enlarged, in a deer-cart, so there is no doubt about *him*. Then, a deer leaves a scent so strong that hounds can always own it and race on it whatever the conditions of soil or weather; so you are sure of the much-desired gallop unless your horse comes to grief; and, lastly, the stag is evicted from the cart in full view of the field, on open ground, and hounds are laid on, when the "law" of ten or fifteen minutes has expired, with equal publicity; so you cannot possibly "get left," as the slang has it.

It is this certainty of a run which makes the pursuit of the carted



THE ROTHSCHILD STAGHOUNDS AT NORDUCK: WAITING FOR THE HOUNDS TO BE LAID ON.

deer so popular with Londoners, and no pack within reach, except her Majesty's, stands higher in favour with Metropolitan sportsmen than Lord Rothschild's, which hunt the beautiful Vale of Aylesbury—the "Londoner's Leicestershire," as it has been well called. There you have large pastures, fences big enough to try the mettle of the best hunter, and not much wire; in fine weather the "going" on the sound old turf is as good as any in all England; but the water lies long after heavy rains. As the number of horsemen out is often large, and everyone who means business is off in the wake of hounds the moment time is up, the start of a run with staghounds is rather like that of an enormous steeplechase. It is not long, however, before the crowd strings out; hounds streak along at such a pace on the hot scent that there is no fear of over-riding them, and ere half-a-dozen fields have been crossed the company in front is decidedly select. You *must* gallop with staghounds, for the stag generally runs tolerably straight, and does not when pressed take those sharp turns right or left by which a fox, under similar circumstances, tries to baffle hounds, and gives the man in the rear a chance of coming up. By the time he turns to bay or "soils" in a pond, after a long run, the number of riders up with hounds is perhaps two per cent. of the field at the meet. Some very long runs have been recorded by staghounds. Fed on the best of old hay and muscle-forming food, the stag is fit to run for his life when carted for the delectation of the field, which happens to him perhaps ten times in the season. The deer-cart is a vehicle specially built for the purpose; roughly speaking, it resembles a tradesman's van, well ventilated round its upper portion; the half-doors behind meet in the centre on the edge of a partition which runs down the middle of the van. This partition is so constructed that, when one half-door is opened, the stag can pass round the

end of it into the closed stall, and stands with his head to the closed half-door in readiness to jump straight out when the Master gives the word to "enlarge." A second stag often occupies the other stall.

A great deal has been written and said about the cruelty of hunting the carted deer; but much, if not most, of the suffering exists only in the imagination of well-meaning people, who misapply the human standard of mental pain. The demeanour of the stag when enlarged often shows that he is under no very serious apprehension; induced to leap out by knocking on the side of the van, perhaps, he stares round at the crowd and begins to browse until started by the shouting of the little boys, or, it may be, by the crack of the huntsman's whip. The hounds are carefully trained not to touch him when he turns to bay, and the seasoned stag knows well that he has nothing to fear from them. A lazy stag has been seen trotting about a field in company with a few couples of the hounds who ought to have been pursuing him, and a friend of mine once saw, at the end of a run, the hunted stag and a couple of hounds drinking, in all good-fellowship, out of the same bucket in a stableyard!

The illustrations are from photographs taken at the last meet of the season. The deer was uncared at Norduck Hill, and gave a run of fully two hours by Hardwick, Weedon Hill, Broughton, and Halton. He was finally retaken safely near Tring.—c.



THE ROTHSCHILD STAGHOUNDS AT NORDUCK: LORD ROTHSCHILD MOUNTED.

THE IGUANODON.

The plaster-cast of an iguanodon skeleton, lately presented by the King of the Belgians to our Cambridge University Museum, was taken from one of the first complete specimens ever found, twenty-seven having been discovered in 1878 in the coal-mines of Bernissart, Belgium, by M. Gustave Fagès, a director. The remains, although in perfect preservation, were difficult of removal, and would have crumbled to dust on being handled had they not been covered with a transparent chemical solution which preserved them intact. A plaster mould was then taken of them, and each separate fragment of bone was numbered before they were raised. This was carried out under the personal direction of M. Dollo, head of the Natural History Museum at Brussels, who has made the reconstruction of the skeletons his special study, and to whose researches their definite and conclusive history is due. The mines were, no doubt, originally part of the same territory, undivided then by the Channel, as the delta formation in the South-East of England, called "the Wealden," where, as well as in the Lower Greensand, portions of iguanodon remains were discovered by Dr. Mantell in 1879. There were, however, no complete specimens, and Dr. Mantell, in the first instance, deduced the entire animal and reconstructed the head by synthesis.

The iguanodon, a species of reptile, genus Dinosaurian, lived at the epoch of the earth's history called "the Wealden." This conclusion was determined by the superposition of the beds on which the

were extended as though in repose, non-rigid; the bones in some cases being only slightly displaced, even with the lapse of ages, and the consequent sinking of the soil on which they lay. The front limbs, or arms, were smaller than the hind ones, and ended in claw-like hands, five-fingered, the thumb furnished with a spur. They were not used for walking, all the fossilised imprints of iguanodons' steps showing that they were bipeds, and walked on their hind limbs only, pressing three out of the four toes to the ground, with a waddling gait like that of a duck, and a lateral motion of the long tail, which was not employed for support, as by kangaroos, but held up slightly from the ground. This was assisted by an osseous formation of the tendons in the trunk and tail, which caused a sort of rigidity, and is demonstrated by the fact of the inferior tail-apophyses being pointed, and not flat.

The tendons of the neck were, on the contrary, very mobile, and the vertebrates, ten in number, were nearly all joined by a pair of little side-bones, and were continued by twenty-four vertebrates in the trunk and fifty-one in the tail—eighty-five in all. Iguanodons were oviparous, and their posterior members were like those of birds; the jaws were terminated by a horned beak, and were supplied as far as the beak with teeth, ninety-two in number, resembling those of iguanas in their blade-like shape and serrated edges, but differing from them, as well as from those of all other known reptiles, in internal structure.

Like iguanas, they used their teeth for cutting and tearing their tough vegetable food, but also appear to have employed them in



SKELETON OF THE IGUANODON.

skeletons lay, and the mixture of animal and vegetable fossils with them. The deposits covering the coalfields can be traced back through the intermediate stages in the Ladder of Time: those of the Albian and Permian, the Triassic and Jurassic Periods, to the Wealden, which was the début of the Cretaceous; and the place of the fossilised fish and plants in the Ladder of Beings is definitely fixed by stratigraphic palaeontology as belonging also to the Wealden epoch.

The iguanodon, completely extinct since the end of the Secondary Period, must have existed before the mammoth, and was the largest, or one of the largest, terrestrial animals known. According to Dr. Mantell's theory, it sometimes attained the height of sixty feet, with a circumference of fourteen feet. It lived, with the crocodile and turtle, in a valley of the Bernissart region, and was herbivorous, feeding on the plants, creepers, and ferns growing on the marshy banks of a river.

This river was doubtless inhabited by fish, from the fossilised remains, all of small species however, found in the neighbourhood, and it was subject to occasional crises of long duration, when it overflowed its banks and spread itself over the surrounding country, leaving, when the water resumed its course, a slimy deposit, in which the remains of iguanodons and other animals, and of plants, all dead in the interval, were encased. The alluvial deposits of the river must have accumulated to such an extent as to fill up the valley. They have a thickness of about a thousand feet, and are covered in their turn by a marine cretaceous layer of a later period.

The iguanodons found in the mines are believed to have died natural deaths, slow and tranquil, from the easy disposition of the limbs, which

mastication. This is shown by the deeply worn condition in many cases of the crowns of their teeth, which, from being sharp and incisive, gradually assumed a molar form. As the old teeth were thus reduced by wear and tear, they were replaced by a fresh dental crop.

The front and beaked portion of the jaws was destitute of teeth, the lower part, according to Professor Owen, being hollowed out, like a parrot's, this being regarded by him as an arrangement to facilitate the protrusion of a long prehensile tongue used for stripping the foliage from trees. But it appears to have been furnished with a special bone, sharp on the upper side, which was probably originally covered by a horny substance.

Specimens have been found of the small scales with which the iguanodon's body was covered. One of the skeletons found at Bernissart is about thirty-five feet long, another about twenty-eight feet; in a walking attitude they had a height of about fourteen to seventeen feet. They are at present in the Natural History Museum at Brussels, and are apparently the only complete iguanodon skeletons in existence. There are plaster casts of these reptiles in the grounds of the Crystal Palace at Norwood, which were designed, modelled, and constructed by the late Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins and the late Sir Richard Owen. The authorities of our museums have greatly desired to possess an entire skeleton, and overtures have been made to the Belgian Government during the last few years, but they are unwilling to part with so unique an addition to biological history. At the end of last year, however, the King consented to a replica being made under M. Dollo's direction of the most perfect specimen, and presented it to Cambridge.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Now that football is practically at its last gasp, it behoves us to take a look round the counties from a cricket point of view, and to revel in anticipations of a delightful season—by permission of the weather.

For more than one reason, I do not think that Yorkshire and Surrey will continue to have things all their own way. Lancashire have at last awakened to a full sense of their position. They realise that the more matches they play, the greater their chance of securing the Championship, and thus it is that, for the first time on record, they have arranged a completely full card, and will, like Yorkshire and Surrey, oppose all the other counties.

I hear of no new men turning out for Lancashire, and, if last season's eleven be relied upon, then I can only wish the county a wet season. Do you remember how Lancashire went all to pieces last season on the hard grounds? Mold was knocked about mercilessly, and Briggs's wiles were laughed at. It says a great deal for the pluck and the confidence of the side that they should have finished so well up after all.

It will be a pity if Archie MacLaren be not able to turn out at the outset of the season. If it hadn't been for MacLaren, Lancashire would have been thoroughly beaten by Surrey at the Oval last season. As it was, the wonderful batting of the young Harrovian just gave the County Palatine an exciting victory. Excepting that they have to entertain Middlesex on the 31st, Lancashire do not run much risk in the first month of the season.

I suppose we shall have the usual situation in regard to Middlesex. People will continue to wonder how it is that such a fine team fails to secure the Championship. Middlesex play few matches—which is one reason—and the fact of the team being largely composed of amateurs speaks for itself. I can never centre great confidence in a team like Middlesex, for although it is proverbial that the amateurs make the best bats, yet you can't govern amateurs as you can professionals, and therein lies a moral.

Surrey are to lose Mr. Key if a worthy substitute as a captain can be found. Street, who was spoken of as having played his last first-class cricket match, is now all right again, and it is not feared that his knee will give way. Holland suffered with a weak shoulder, but he also is reported on the sound list. Lohmann will return from South Africa doubtless fit and well, and Abel the perennial may be relied upon to continue to pour out runs with consistency.

Notwithstanding the fact that nearly all Surrey's professionals can bowl, I do not view the Surrey attack with great respect. Richardson is, of course, a host in himself; but Lohmann wants his wickets, and Lockwood seems to have gone right off. Hayward is a fine, useful bowler, but you can't expect a bowler to be a batsman at the same time; perhaps some of the new-comers, like Nice and Thompson, will do well.

Yorkshire, like Surrey, will play few amateurs, and nearly all their professionals, too, can bowl. A great team is this, possessing too that which Surrey are longing for—a first-class wicket-keeper. In these advanced days you can scarcely afford to play a wicket-keeper who is not at the same time a first-class bat. With Haigh, Peel, Wainwright, Hirst, and Jackson, Yorkshire should be able to capture a fair load of wickets.

Derbyshire made a good show last season, and their prospects are bright. In Davidson they have one of the best all-round cricketers in the kingdom, and Storer is admittedly as great a wicket-keeper as Lilley, who was chosen to play for England against Australia last season. So transitory is reputation that I dare say folks have already forgotten that Storer compiled four centuries in three successive matches last season.

Somerset will require some bowlers to help S. M. J. Woods, Tyler, and Nichols if they want to reap the harvest of their splendid batting. Kent, too, can no longer rely upon Walter Hearne, whose brilliant cricket career was so abruptly and painfully checked last year. Martin and Alec Hearne and Walter Wright are hard-working, but they do not go far enough on hard wickets.

Hampshire have Wootton, Soar, and Baldwin; but there is not sufficient deadliness in this attack. That grand batsman, Captain E. G. Wynyard, will again captain the side. Notts should have a good season, although in their case the attack would appear to be better than the defence. I am afraid that Arthur Shrewsbury will never be the masterful batsman he used to be. Gloucestershire, with the everlasting W. G. Grace, are not reliable either in batting, bowling, or wicket-keeping, so that they are, at any rate, consistent.

Warwickshire are getting a new bowler, I hear, and they badly want him, as Yorkshire's record score of 887 last year goes to show. Essex will peg along as stubbornly as of yore, and I am pleased to learn that the county ground at Leyton is improved, so that batsmen will not again have the opportunity to speak bitterly of the wickets. To think that Essex should last season have beaten both Surrey and Yorkshire! What shall be said of the bowling of Sussex and of poor Leicestershire? The fine batting of the former will to some extent counterbalance the tameness of the attack.

ATHLETICS.

Wellingborough Grammar School has turned out several famous athletes, and they look like being responsible for another champion. At the Annual Sports recently H. J. Symons won the 100 Yards, the Hurdles, the Long Jump, the High Jump, and Throwing the Cricket-Ball, and in

all these events, except the 100 Yards, he broke the school record. This is what may be called a fair afternoon's work.

The winning of these events would not in itself be an astonishing performance, but the manner in which this athlete performed shows that Wellingborough harbours a boy of exceptional ability. Symons won the Long Jump with 21 ft. 3 in., which is almost good enough to win a 'Varsity event. The Hurdles—ten flights, 3 ft. 3 in. high, 120 yd.—were negotiated in 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The cricket-ball was thrown 113 yd. 1 ft. 6 in., and the High Jump recorded 5 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. A boy under fifteen years of age, by name L. M. Taylor, captured the 100 Yards, the 120 Yards Hurdles, and the Quarter-Mile. Wellingborough is a lucky school.

FOOTBALL.

This season is now practically at an end. If I were asked to name the most sensational feature of it, I should plump for the capture of the Rugby Championship by a Southern county. Kent are indeed to be congratulated upon their splendid triumph over Cumberland, the more so as it was accomplished at Carlisle.

Another sensational feature has been the dual success of Aston Villa. To win the Association Cup and the First League in one season is a performance that only Preston North End, of the other clubs, can claim to have accomplished. In the first year of the League the North End won the competition without losing a single match, and the Cup without losing a single goal. At that time, however, excellence was not nearly so general as now it is.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I believe Lord Rosebery will be somewhat disappointed if he does not win the double event at Epsom with Quarrel and Velasquez, and at present I see no reason why his lordship's wish should not be gratified. By-the-bye, seeing that his lordship is Lord of the Manor of Epsom, I wonder that he does not have his horses trained on the home downs. I mean his flat-racers, as his jumper, Berkeley, is in W. Nightingall's stable. Mr. H. M. Dorling has the gallops perfect now, and I think horses could be prepared quite as well at Epsom as elsewhere.

If Mr. Basset did not possess Clorane, he would be considered a very small and unimportant owner; but through that horse he is one of the best-known of aristocratic racing-men. Likewise Mr. Tom Worton would have been almost unknown had he not the good fortune to come across Victor Wild. It seems to be some men's luck to get hold of one smashing good animal and a lot of bad ones. Mr. Barelay has never owned anything within a couple of stone of Bendigo, and Captain Fenwick is known as the possessor of Why Not only, his other horses being very small beer. All the horses Mr. Grant-Duff ever bought rolled into one would not have equalled his Cloister, and Mr. Joe Davis's reputation as an owner rests exclusively on his Lincoln Handicap winner, Knight of Burghley. Mr. Sullivan is a celebrity because he owns Winkfield's Pride, and if Mr. Rose had Bona Vista, he never had one to equal Ravensbury. There are other instances of what may be called "one-horse owners"; but the foregoing are sufficient to show how prominent may be a man's name if he owns one good horse.

I should have thought that the early breakdown of St. Frusquin would have taught Mr. Rothschild the lesson not to race his horses so frequently as youngsters. But this is apparently not the case. Gay Lothair was prepared especially to win the Brocklesby Stakes, and, what is more, won it. Surely a month's rest would have been the best course to pursue with the colt! He had made his effort and had staled a little afterwards, as nine out of ten horses do. But he was sent out again at Warwick, and showed nothing approaching his Lincoln form. Then Guislâ and Delicaey have both sported silk on three or four occasions this season. I pointed out last year the frequency with which the Rothschild two-year-olds were run, and the direful results that ensued. In the long run John Porter's policy is bound to be the best. If an immature horse is prepared for an early race, he, at least, should be given a good rest afterwards.

When Diakka was beaten in the Lincoln Handicap my first impression was that he was harshly handicapped. But it is very evident now that Mr. Lorillard's horse cannot act on the Lincoln course. This fact is strengthened when a glance is taken at the running of Diakka on the other occasion on which he appeared at Lincoln—namely, in the Great Tom Stakes last autumn. In that race there were nine runners, none of which could be called first-class handicap performers; yet Diakka was one of the last two. In the Lincoln Handicap he was again in the rear, carrying a stone less than in the Tom Stakes. On the other hand, Diakka is a two-stone better horse at Derby than at Lincoln. He has run thrice at the Midland enclosure, and has not been unplaced. His first appearance there resulted in victory in the Peveril of the Peak Stakes, such horses as Dinna Forget, Marco, Clwyd, Dornroschen, and The Lombard being behind. Then he was third in the Derby Cup to La Sagesse and Ghislaine, with Winkfield's Pride behind him, this form being violently reversed at Lincoln the other day. Thus it seems good policy to stand Diakka only at Derby.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

Easter in town has of late years really become as taboo as the first week in August. Widespread tracts of drawn blinds above and jubilation downstairs mark the present exodus, for everyone who can makes a rush for the country or the Continent, according to the time at his disposal, while the servant's-hall contingent is left rejoicing in the uninterrupted



FLOUNCES UP TO DATE.

enjoyment of the empty house. Opportunities then, if not at other times, occur that are more availed of for domestic saturnalia than unsuspecting employers wot of always. I remember running up unexpectedly last autumn, between one country-house visit and another, to find myself, judging from the housemaid's stony stare, a very ill-timed and superfluous item in my own household. Later on, from the sounds of revelry proceeding from an adjoining basement, I gathered that one of my handmaids' evening-parties had been untimely blighted, more particularly when the drawing-room piano subsequently struck up with rudimentary polka and waltz. Then, indeed, I thought of my neighbour's carpets and shuddered. But it was a useful lesson, and taught me the beautiful moral of Chubb's locks for all time.

Scarcely a week passed this season without hearing among sensational bits of Riviera news that somebody had met with a bad bicycle accident, and the cause was not far to seek, for a more delightful or dangerous road than that bit between Monte and Mentone it would be difficult to find. Many an unfortunate punter not alone has put a period to existence on that spot, but quite lately several girls, losing control of their machines, narrowly escaped riding over into what is truly a valley of death, several hundred feet down. Last week, however, the Touring Club, having taken the matter in hand, erected a strong wire net which goes round the parapet of the bridge, so that trembling pedallers can now take the descent of the little hill in safety. By the way, that wonderful old statesman Li Hung Chang laughs our pride as inventors of the bicycle to scorn, and claims for his own celestial land the very first wheel, which flourished as a going concern as far back as 2300 years B.C. It was called the "happy dragon," and had such a vogue among Chinese women of that date as to cause a great falling-off in housekeeping arrangements—so much so that the then Emperor put his foot down and forbade the velocipede on behalf of the hungry and neglected husbands of his empire. Thus Li Hung Chang, with copious notes to verify himself should anyone be so unmannerly as to require them.

One other thing which hailed in the first instance from that happy land, and for the introduction of which I feel truly grateful, is China crêpe, a material of the first elegance and suitability for evening and indoor gowns variously. A quite delightful little frock of this softly draped material was brought over by a friend from Paquin's Paris shop this week. The colour, a deep, bright cherry, contrasts to a miracle with silver embroideries on a background of drab mousseline-de-soie. As in so many of this season's light materials, the skirt is sun-pleated over an under-skirt of cherry-coloured taffetas, the "soleil" pleat being, as all the world now knoweth, very akin to accordion of that ilk, except that the pleats gradually widen from the waist and are a more graceful form of a very pretty fashion. Four rows of the drab mousseline insertion, embroidered, are laid on skirt. A dainty blouse-shaped bodice is also sun-pleated, gathered in at waist and neck with bias drapery of pale lettuce-green silk, which, with the square-shaped bolero of drab mousseline, makes an unspeakably smart altogether. Have I added that the sleeves are in inch-wide tucks, with a drapery of ficolle-coloured Mechlin at the wrists, which in the new manner are pointed, partly covering the hand?

If one wanted a reminder of how absurdly evanescent are both our fashions and ourselves, one need only think back upon the fact that not one now living out her little hour upon this round earth can remember how the modish madames of eighteenth century routs or dances used to look as they sallied forth *en sedan* of an evening, in flounces and patches and powder, to flirt artlessly over tea-cups and exchange town talk with whist partners later on. We have correct evidences of the times and the trifling thereof in literary masterpieces, it is true, but only tradition for the taffetas. As, however, it is a *sine quâ non* to be as realistic as possible in reproductions nowadays, I give herewith, as correctly as conforms with up-to-date addenda, the flounced frock of beauty as she was one hundred years ago, with the additional recommendation of being now at the apex of flying fashion. This little



PURBELOWS AND FLOUNCES.

flounced gown is of mauve-and-white shot taffetas. The skirt, quite round at the bottom, is made of four flounces, which gradually diminish in width from the bottom, that on top being gathered into the waist. By being put on more fully at back and sides, each flounce forms godets, and is edged with a bias roll of black velvet. A simply made bodice adds to the old-world charm of this style, the material, tucked into the waistbelt, being cut round about the shoulders, and three scalloped flounces, also edged with velvet, accounting for the decoration of a really

pretty, becoming bodice. Frilled rosettes and a coquillée of black velvet ribbon finishes the waist off at back. A tiny Antoinette fan of black silk and mauve spangles should be worn with this frock, black suède gloves, and shoes made of the mauve-shot taffetas if possible. *Souliers en suite* are so much in favour now with those who know how to dress, and any shoemaker will make up one's own satin or brocade to measure for twelve-and-sixpence.

Rome is more packed than ever this week for the Easter ceremonies, and now that Lent is over festivities variously are in preparation among the residents; while the English colony begins to think of turning its face homeward in view of our extra early Season and forthcoming gala functions of all sorts. In Rome itself a very grand spectacle was put before the people when the King and Queen went to open Parliament in state after the elections of Deputies. All Queen Margherita's ladies rode in carriages of blue and silver, like that of their royal mistress, while the King, and his Grand Dukes and Counts endlessly, went forth in gilt carriages of state. That is the sort of spectacle which we see so little of in drab-coloured London, though this summer will certainly make amends for the ordinary dulness. A good many of the *on dits* and flying reports as to the prices paid for houses *en route* of Procession and elsewhere are now assuming the aspect of fairy-tales, by the way. As a matter of fact, so far from every house in Mayfair and Belgravia being let at "Arabian Nights" sums of figures, as I have heard asserted a dozen times, I learn from one or two principal house-agents that things are hanging fire considerably at present, and that, except in a minority of cases, the housing accommodation for London Season people is anything but overtaxed so far. After Easter, of course, things will begin to assume their liveliest aspect, but up to now exaggeration seems the only trade that has run riot.

In response to occasional reminders from smart Mamas who are interested in the externals of their offspring, I have had specially sketched a very charming version of frock for the eight or ten-year-old.

Blue Ottoman silk and white silk embroidery are the component parts, which may, of course, be repeated in any colour, but are very effective in the original form. The short skirt has one godet on each side to make it stand out, and several at back. The bodice, gathered in at waist, is loose at neck, where a white satin collar, trimmed with a row of white silk embroidery and frill of mousseline-de-soie, makes the daintiest appearance. Trimmings of white satin on the sleeves are repeated at waist, where a folded belt of this material gives young Mademoiselle's new frock an air that is all of the most *chic*.

Very rarely do I find time for the "busy idleness" of reading advertisements in the morning papers, for, not being a heaven-born novelist, I find the agony columns even a vanity, and sometimes, indeed, an affliction of spirit, to which one would willingly apply the often implored-for balm of pounds sterling, were those infrequent coins in sufficient evidence at home. A day or two since, however, I had a real *bonne bouche* for breakfast, something superior

even to marrow-on-toast or stuffed tomatoes as an appetiser, and here it is verbatim—

GENTLEMAN wishing to add to an inadequate income offers his services to Ladies desiring an escort for Theatres, Amusements, Social Functions, or Extensive Travelling.—For terms and interview, address "Confidential," 1921, M.P. Office, Strand.

A sign of the times and the reversal of sexes surely! Here is a man, presumably young, who will hire himself out to unattached womankind promiscuously, attend her to tea-parties, allow her to pay his supper-bills when on duty after the play, and enact the rôle of tame cat, in fact, generally, "for a consideration." They say the want of money will bring people to depths of meanness undreamt of by prosperously placed others. I never see why it should, but at least the Queen's shilling is always open to the other gender, though probably a section of the nobler sex still remains which would prefer to dally along the primrose path of other people's pockets than work by the dewdrops of its own brow. If such there be, and the Pioneer ladies will have it so, then, look you, this brave advertiser is one, for his notice can scarcely be a joke. Few such formulas of merriment are worth three-and-sixpence, and that is exactly the sum which this Don Quixote's insertion must have cost.

Gauze and grenadine, with fancy designs either in black or colours, made up over bright-hued silks, will appear plentifully at smart gatherings this season. A very favourite combination with Parisian dressmakers is a black crêpe or gauze, with spots or squares of white silk, made over pistachio-green or cerise-shot taffetas. The original of the charming garden-party gown on preceding page is made of a black fancy mousseline-de-soie, the design in white *fleur-de-lis* over bright-cherry corded silk. Three flounces of white lace over cerise silk are put on around the skirt, and brought up in semicircles at right side, where each is finished off

with a bow. The bodice, also very fully trimmed, according to the forecast of fashion, with a gathered yoke of white point d'esprit over yellow Brussels net, has a corselet of cerise taffetas, embroidered with white and black to match the designs on skirt.

I often wonder that light green does not play a more frequent part among the *négligé* and matinée portion of bridal trousseaux and morning toilette arrangements variously. Blue, pink, and mauve are endlessly repeated, yet pale pistachio-green, equally becoming to blonde or brunette if she has a vestige of pink in her complexion, is surprisingly infrequent. An extremely pretty breakfast-dress of almond-green cashmere, made *en Watteau*, was shown me this week. The front, of ivory-white soft Liberty satin, was bordered at both sides with a frayed-out ruche of soft green satin, one shade deeper than the gown itself. Large lapels, falling from the shoulders, were similarly edged. The sleeves, of white puckered mousseline-de-soie, and tied with green ribbons at the wrist, gave a very alluring air of daintiness to the whole.

An extremely picturesque tea-gown, made on very similar lines, and in the same trousseau, was of Louis velveteen in that lovely shade of nasturtium which I have seen only in the flower itself and in those wonderfully artistic half-shades which the makers of Louis velvets succeed in producing. Elaborate trimmings of white Mechlin lace and jet embroideries. A wide girdle of jet, with turquoise set in the centre of each medallion, gave a last touch of perfection to a really lovely tea-gown. The lining was turquoise foulard.

Being much enamoured of this particular shade of reddish-brown orange, I discovered by judicious searching that it made 424 on Louis's shade-card, which is kept at all first-rate shops. Never except in the richest velvets of Lyons can these native velveteens be rivalled in brilliant and transparent colour. The loveliest greens, from delicate lichen to deepest emerald, from ivory through all gradations of yellow to the autumn orange-red of Mandarin. Blues, browns, pinks, purples of every conceivable tone, are to be obtained among the Louis velveteens, which add to this perfection of colouring the maker's guarantee of that useful quality known as hard wear.

Some days ago, in rummaging through an old book-case, I came on a carefully compiled book of household recipes, written in the neat Italian hand in which our grandmothers learned to disguise their personality at school. Neatly bound in black silk by fingers long since quiet, this little volume treated of jam-making at great length; and from the quantities used, no doubt, our forebears, even the sweetest-toothed, were well set up against the risks of jam famine before each ensuing season. To-day we are well guarded from these harrowing anxieties by the nearest grocer, who may be always relied upon to set us up in strawberry or red currant at a moment's notice, the only question remaining being that of choice among many makers. Having a prejudice in favour of the best, I generally accord the palm to all jams, jellies, and other goodies made by Chivers'. Their splendid fruit-farms outside Cambridge, which number thousands of acres, their model factories, where the fresh-picked fruit is boiled in silver-lined pans within a few hours of leaving the fruit-trees, made a deep impression on my mind when passing through the old-world village of Histon some years since, and I have unfailingly lent my small support to this admirably managed industry ever since. A string of gold medals attest, if that were necessary, the excellence of Chivers' productions, and, with the natural repugnance which we all share for adulterated eatables, it is comforting to think that we can at least eat these jams and jellies without any awful *arrière pensées*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOROTHEA.—(1) I do not know of a London dépôt, and the cost of transit would be certainly high, while you would have to take the risk of breakages. (2) For the quaint-shaped arm-chairs to mix with the "monotonous saddle-bags" of your husband's snugger, you should go to Maple's. They have so many exclusive designs, but all are comfortable. The "Fairfax" is a most odd version of the old high-back chair, but eminently reposeful and picturesque altogether. The "Parsifal" is another. You will be charmed with both. (3) If the champagne stains do not dry out, you can cover the blue satin with sun-pleated white mousseline-de-soie, and use it for dances. The bodice must be treated to match. Most unfortunate on a brand-new gown, and having, as you say, to "smile on," of course greatly aggravates the situation.

PENTAGON.—(1) I saw the very thing you speak of at Waring's, Oxford Street, the other day. One of their agents had sent it from Spain. They may have sold it since, but I should certainly write and ask. (2) Cherry-coloured straw, with a brim formed of velvet geraniums, changing from bright pink to ruby, with black velvet loops and osprey. (3) The long evening-gloves with "points" embroidered in steel or silver beads you can get at the London Glove Company's, either Bond Street or Cheapside. (4) Miss Young, 58, Holbein Houses, Sloane Square, will paint your table-centre and doyleys beautifully. I never see any like hers, and she charges such moderate prices. (5) Pink and blue batiste trimmed with Valenciennes are fashionable; white silk changes colour in washing.

SYBIL.

The literary life has a terribly gloomy presentment in Mr. Clive Holland's "A Writer of Fiction" (Constable). It is a true-enough tale, all the same, and an old one, the tragedy of the meritorious writer and virtuous man who, with a wife and family to keep, finds his popularity slipping away from him. Mr. Holland complicates the situation and improves the occasion by tempting his hero to give in to the modern desire for unclean fiction in order to make money, then kills him before he can reap the benefit of this betrayal of his pen. But the temptation is only passed on to the needy wife—heiress, if she will, to the ill-gotten money. Her conduct is heroic. "A Writer of Fiction" is not a first-rate story; but it is a useful warning, and its morality is excellent.



[Copyright.]

ON THE LATEST JUVENILE LINES.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on April 26.

The following letter from our correspondent in New Zealand does not give a roseate account of the far-famed Thames Goldfield; but, as



VICTORIA MAIN SHAFT (MAY QUEEN SHAFT IN DISTANCE).

our readers know, they cannot expect from him any "glossing" of the facts as they appear to his eyes—

THE THAMES GOLDFIELD.

Mining has been going on at the Thames for more than thirty years, and over four and a-half million pounds' worth of gold has been extracted from the little patch of ground upon which the township is built. This is a good record, and, had any genuine work been done during the past ten years, I should have nothing to say against the Thames as a field for English capital. But it is no use denying the fact that, upon all of the mines, the rich surface-deposits have been worked out. Whether the new scheme for deep-levels will ever pay is what neither I nor any other man can say. Large sums are to be expended upon deep-sinking and an immense pumping plant erected, which, it is hoped, will drain all the mines north of the great Monotairi Fault.

The Thames, like most of the New Zealand fields, is a series of spurs running down to the sea. These spurs are full of reefs, some of them wide and of low grade, others narrow and, in places, rich. They have been completely explored, and the ranges are one mass of tunnels and drives. The old miners have left much ore that would not in the old days pay, and practically none of the big low-grade reefs have been touched. If these reefs can be made to pay, then the Fame and Fortune, Kurauhi Caledonian, Monotairi, New Alburnia, Victoria, May Queen, and Thames Hauraki stand a chance of paying dividends, and a poor chance it is, for the promoters have so loaded up the Thames mines with capital that in most cases nothing short of some miraculous find can save them. Roughly speaking, I would not advise anyone to invest in mines at the Thames—they are all gutted out.

We have had a bitter experience of such propositions in the United States. Mines which go upon "past records" instead of "ore in sight" are invariably risky speculations. Such mines floated with low capitals are, of course, a fair gamble; but, floated with a capital over £100,000, they become almost swindles, for in almost every case the mine requires new plant, and thousands have to be spent in dead work before any gold can be produced at all.

The multiplicity of small leaders has kept the Thames in a state of suspended animation for many years. When one of these is struck, the mine takes a new lease of life, and either pays off its overdraft or distributes a small dividend; but these tiny stringers soon pinch out, and then the mine goes to sleep for another two or three years, or falls into the hands of tributaries, who fossick about at their own expense and pay the company 10 per cent. of the value of ore won. This game would still be going on had not the boom come along, and to-day the tributaries have been turned out, and the mines all sold to English companies, who are to catch the gold—if they can. But they cannot begin this until the Big Pump is started, which will not be for *two years*. The present pump only drains the field to about 450 feet, and no single mine cares about tackling its own water, so that we must wait a long time before we can say with any certainty that the Thames mines are payable propositions.

And now let us take each mine separately, and begin with the Thames Hauraki. Upon the pump to be erected here the whole of the mines at the Thames proper

depend. The Queen of Beauty lies almost at the end of the rich patch which was found on the surface at the Shotover some half a mile away. The floor of gold appears to have sloped downwards, getting deeper as it went through the Caledonian, Waiotahi, Victoria, and May Queen. In the latter they never struck it, but it is supposed that the Queen of Beauty came into the floor at 700 feet. Just at the critical moment, when they were all going to make their fortunes, the pump broke down, and the mine stopped. Dunlop, the present manager, like a true miner, never lost faith in his mine. He bought the Queen of Beauty for a ten-pound note, and spent £5000 upon her before he was drowned out. Then he tried to float her in London, but the Baring smash came. A lottery was started by Macdonald Scott with 100,000 tickets at 10s., but the Government stepped in. Then the claim fell into the hands of a man named Harris, and between them all they induced Seddon to promise a subsidy of £25,000, if they could form a company which would put up another £25,000 to sink 2000 ft. and erect the necessary plant. This floated the company, Dunlop got his £5000 back again and 25,000 shares, and, in order to make the enterprise bulk large in the eyes of the public, two adjoining and presumably quite valueless claims were chucked into the deal. As each of these claims was 100 acres, the public thought they were getting a good deal for their money, which I take leave to doubt. Deep Level and Deep Sinker sound grand names for claims, but the depth appears, to me, to lie in the astuteness of the promoters. The big 2000 ft. shaft will be a shaft common to all, and the cost of pumping will be contributed to by all the mines south of the Great Fault which divides the sheep from the goats at the Thames.

The May Queen, floated by the same people, adjoins the Thames Hauraki, and is a combination of half-a-dozen small mines, 184 acres in all, which sold themselves to the Anglo-Continental for £82,000 in shares. I do not fancy that there is much in any of these claims, except the Saxon, which has been worked more or less continuously for many years, and is to-day, upon a little stringer, giving about 2 oz. to the load of 30 cwt., and worth about 50s. an ounce. Some prospecting is going on in the Hippo section, and they are stripping and enlarging the May Queen shaft down to 530 ft. water-level. The Saxon main shaft is down 452 ft., and at the bottom level, No. 1, an exploratory crosscut has been put in 600 ft., and the rock-drill is still hard at work. Four men are at this depth working upon Hayes' Leader, which is 2 in. wide, and runs east and west. At No. 5 level all the payable ore has been stoped out. In No. 4 they have a leader 5 in. wide at the best part. At the end of the drive, which is in 200 ft., the wall is hard and the reef poor. But the reef, if it can be called a reef, is unstopped down from No. 4 level.

The mine has 33 head of Colonial stampers, no cyanide (which, by the way, is supposed to have been the salvation of New Zealand), three pans and eight



TARARU CREEK GOLD-MINING COMPANY.

burdans; it is worked by water-power, but I imagine that they are not winning enough ore to keep the stampers going. In this mine they rely upon what they may find at depth in two years.

The next mine is the Victoria, which is now under offer in England, and is still a dividend-payer. This, with a mine called The Favourite, has been sold for 90,000 shares. The rich claim in early days was called The Prince Imperial, and turned out a lot of gold. It was floated into an Auckland company about five years ago, and has been crushing on a small scale. The great Auckland financiers, Alfred Nathan and his brother, have the largest interests. There are seven levels, but not much to see in any of them except old workings. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 do not require any description, except to remark that in No. 4 a certain amount of work is being done.

No. 1 Level.—The reef is fair stone, but very narrow.

No. 2 Level.—There is a winze down 60 feet in good ore.

The east end is practically worked out, but the west end is more or less unexplored, and I suppose the company rely upon this portion of the ground? No work is now being done upon the Mariner or No. 1 Reef, which is a good body of ore, but possibly poor. The new reef is being taken out, and by careful picking the manager manages to get 150 tons or thereabouts to the battery each month. Like all the Thames mines, the Victoria is patchy. They may come upon good ore-chutes when the new pump allows them to sink below No. 7 level, but until then they must rely upon the last level of the mine and such patches of ore as the old miners did not take out; the stone is at the present time crushed at the May Queen Extended battery and averages about 1½ oz.

Next to the Victoria comes the Waiotahi, which also pays its way and is under offer to an English company. It is a well-managed old mine, with some good reefs, mostly worked out, and, like the others, waiting for the new pump.

Adjoining the Waiotahi is the famous Monotairi, which is now in the hands of the Anglo-Continental. They are going to do big things here with a 60-head battery; the great feature of the old mine is a tunnel 3200 feet long, which will open up two big reefs, the Golden Age and Reuben Parr. The western section of the mine will be worked from the shaft, and will tap the Waiotahi and Caledonian Reefs. I do not know if my notes upon the gigantic rabbit-warren would interest your readers. The mine will be run upon the low-grade stuff left by the old miners, and if it proves payable there is a future before the mine, but on that point no one can say anything definite. It seems possible that



WARDEN'S COURT, THAMES.

some of the reefs will junction at depth, and here rich ore may result, but the whole thing, like most of the Thames propositions, is a gamble. The mine has a record of £360,000 worth of gold won, which, however, is not so good as that of the next claim, the Kurauui Caledonian, which turned out £2,000,000. This was possibly the richest patch of gold ever struck, and sent people mad. To-day the mine is working on No. 1 and No. 2 levels, and in cross-cutting came across the famous No. 9 Reef of the Monotairi, but found it poor. In No. 1 they are stopping a block at the junction of Darby's and Cross Reef, which shows gold. In No. 2 level they propose working upon No. 2 Reef, which is a big body of ore of low grade, but 20 feet wide. The mine is practically worked out in the present levels, but, as they are repairing the main shaft, they will be able to sink at least 600 feet with present pump. They have a Colonial 20-head stamper, and no cyanide.

These are all the mines south of the Great Fault, and they all rely upon coming on gold at depth in two years' time. In my opinion, they will none of them pay dividends upon their present capitals unless they strike it very rich even then. The ground has been mined in every conceivable direction during the past thirty years, and may be considered as worked out down to the 500 ft. level. Patches are always being found which keep the mines going, but the chance of finding such patches grows less each year.

As to the future of deep-levels at the Thames I decline to express any opinion. Gordon, Park, and others who know the Thames better than anyone else, are quite confident, and argue by analogy; but my experience of mining teaches me that, "Where gold is—there it is."

It will be a great thing for New Zealand if the deep-levels succeed, but people must not confuse the deep-levels in the Rand with those at the Thames;



THE THAMES MAURAKI, THE FAMOUS MAIN SHAFT UPON WHICH THE FUTURE OF THE THAMES RESTS.

the conditions are utterly different. The one is a deposit of gold-bearing boulders; the other is a zone of quartz reefs in disturbed volcanic country, rich wherever the andesite is decomposed, nearly always poor in hard, undecomposed rock.

The hills at the back of the Thames Township rise up nearly 2000 ft., and they are pegged out in claims for many miles. It would take far too long to write about all these properties, and would serve no useful purpose. During the periodic mining booms from which New Zealand has suffered, most of the ground has been prospected, and to-day hardly any claim can boast of its man and a boy to each hundred acres, which is what the complacent Warden calls "mining."

A few have something to show—most of them nothing. I have ridden over these hills in the tropic showers which Aucklanders call summer, and tramped through the sludge and sulphuric acid which go to make up the floor of the tunnels, and seen—little.

In Western Australia the companies one and all complained of the stringent labour conditions, which they said were killing enterprise. Grubblers should spend a few months in New Zealand, where a man may peg out as much land as he pleases and get as much protection as he likes. It is not by making strict laws which are not enforced that a mining country is made, but rather by making such laws as will encourage work. Taken all round, the laws in the United States and the Miners are superior to any Colonial laws, which are more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Here the miner is waiting for "suckers," as the Yankee calls "mugs," to come along and buy his claim, and he does as little work as possible until he finds the "sucker." This makes it almost impossible for any honest mining-man to give a good report upon a property in which there is no work done and nothing to see.

The local expert, being troubled with no scruples, reports gaily. Here is an instance. I was asked to go and see a mine in an inaccessible position, upon which two reports had been made, stating that the reef was 200 feet wide, and was visible for three-quarters of a mile—assay over £3 a ton. As a mining enthusiast, I would go a hundred miles to see a good mine. Besides, I had never outside the United States seen a 200-foot reef, so I started out on a New Zealand horse, which lives (by outward application only) on "supple jack."

We rode (and swam) fifteen miles over the back of a mountain torrent in full flood, and presently, in one of those glorious gorges, full of tree-stems and Nikau palms, which are like no other gorges on this earth, came upon a wall of quartz

sixty to seventy feet high. This looked like business, and climbing up the precipice, we entered the tunnel, which was not two hundred feet, but twenty feet deep. There was the foot-wall plain enough—the experts had merely made a slight mistake! Take no account at all of the reports written by New Zealanders. They all lie like a mining expert should—boldly. Put no money into any New Zealand mines unless some well-known English firm has inspected and recommended. There are good mines in the country, and I will tell you of them in good time, but they are few and far between. The wild-cats are vigorous and plentiful, and they are more dangerous than any of the species I have ever met with before.

THE SORROWS OF A CITY EDITOR.

Our anxieties to do justice to all our correspondents are so keen that our health is completely undermined, and our medical attendants have ordered us to go to bed for a week, and live on nothing but mild, farinaceous food. Among the correspondents last week whom we endeavoured to satisfy was a gentleman who said—

I write to ask your advice about the investment of a few hundred pounds on behalf of a widow, who will be quite dependent on the interest her investments will produce. Therefore, I should like, of course, some things which are absolutely safe, and which at the same time would pay a good interest, 4½ to 5 per cent., and also have a chance of increasing in value (no Trust or Foreign securities). Please give me your ideas on this subject in your next issue in the "Answers to Correspondents" under the head of —. Kindly name four stocks which you consider best and safest for my purpose.

Our difficulties in dealing with this somewhat *exigent* correspondent were, however, entirely eclipsed by a lady correspondent, who wrote—

Being anxious to learn stage-dancing, and having spent a considerable sum on dancing lessons, I resolved to learn it by books. Would you kindly let me know in *The Sketch* "Answers to Correspondents" the name and the author of a good book for teaching step- and stage-dancing?

This letter plunged us in despair. Even the volatile Mr. —, of the Miscellaneous Market, was unable to assist us.

BRICKS.

The continual growth of London is extraordinary. The mere fact that during the late open winter building operations continued with little interruption has caused a dearth of bricks in the Metropolitan area, and we hear that they have risen 75 per cent. in price, to the no small loss of sundry large builders.

This stroke of luck for brickmakers will, as a matter of course, bring out a crop of fraudulent brick-making companies, and in advance we warn our readers to be wary of them. Bricks are such heavy things to transport that their price in one district is not necessarily any criterion of their price in another. At the same time, they cannot in any district go beyond a certain figure without bringing in supplies from other districts, in some of which—from special reasons—common building-bricks are always very cheap. According to the amount of pressure from superincumbent strata, clay assumes very diverse forms. If the pressure be sufficient, the product is fine Welsh slate. A less tremendous pressure produces a sort of intermediate product called marl, which in pottery districts is required for many purposes, but chiefly to make "saggars," the coarse half-earthenware, half-fireclay receptacles—each about the size of a foot-bath—in which chinaware and earthenware are "fired." In order to recover these useful and fairly valuable marls, it is necessary to remove the superincumbent layers of clay, and, as long as bricks can be sold for about eighteen shillings a thousand, it pays to turn this clay into brick instead of throwing it away. Extraordinary as it may seem in London, we know districts where one pound a thousand is regarded as a good price for common building-bricks, and the moment the London price reaches one pound per thousand, *plus* the cost of water-carriage to London, these districts will flood the market with bricks of a good class.

NEW ISSUES.

The Birmingham Vinegar Brewery Company (1897), Limited.—Capital, £150,000; Debenture stock, £100,000; purchase-money, £230,000. Assets, exclusive of goodwill, about £218,000. Three years' profits, certified by Price, Waterhouse, and Co., £14,001, £17,791, and £20,463. A prosperous and respectable business.

The Diamond Jubilee Seats Acquisition Syndicate, Limited.—Capital, £20,000. Formed under the auspices of some of the gentlemen connected with the Prince's Gold Mines, Limited. To be avoided.

Caledonia (Cripple Creek) Gold Mine, Limited.—Capital £125,000. A fair mining risk, but not specially attractive.

Morton Rose Estate Company, Limited.—Issue of £400,000 4½ per cent. ten years debentures at 98½ per cent. Formed to purchase and realise the assets of the firm of Morton Rose and Co., dissolved as from Dec. 31, 1896, by the death of Mr. George Bliss, of New York, and Mr. Pascoe Du Pre Grenfell, of London.

Thursday, April 15, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Grancile House, Arundel Street, Strand." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. D. B.—Thank you for your letter, which reached us just too late to notice in our last issue. We trust the investment will turn out well.

T. A.—We are afraid the shares are valueless, and that your only hope is the chance of getting something out of the fund promised by the gentleman you name before his decease. We doubt if you can sell even at the 1s. 6d. per share at which they are nominally quoted.

W. M.—Thank you for your letter. We should advise you to get a competent solicitor to repudiate your shares by a regular notice, and then wait for a time and see what takes place.

E. M. H.—We could not undertake to do what you ask in your letter and post-card. Please comply with Rule 5. We strongly advise you not to send blank cheques through the post without even "crossing" or registration.

Note.—In consequence of the Easter Holidays, we have to go to press earlier than usual this week, and if there is any delay in answering correspondents we hope they will excuse it.

J
1788